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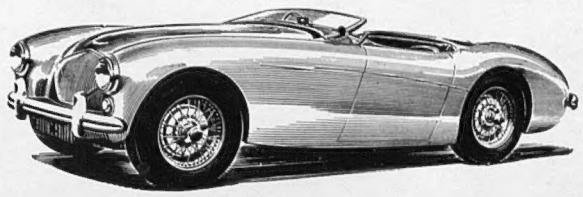

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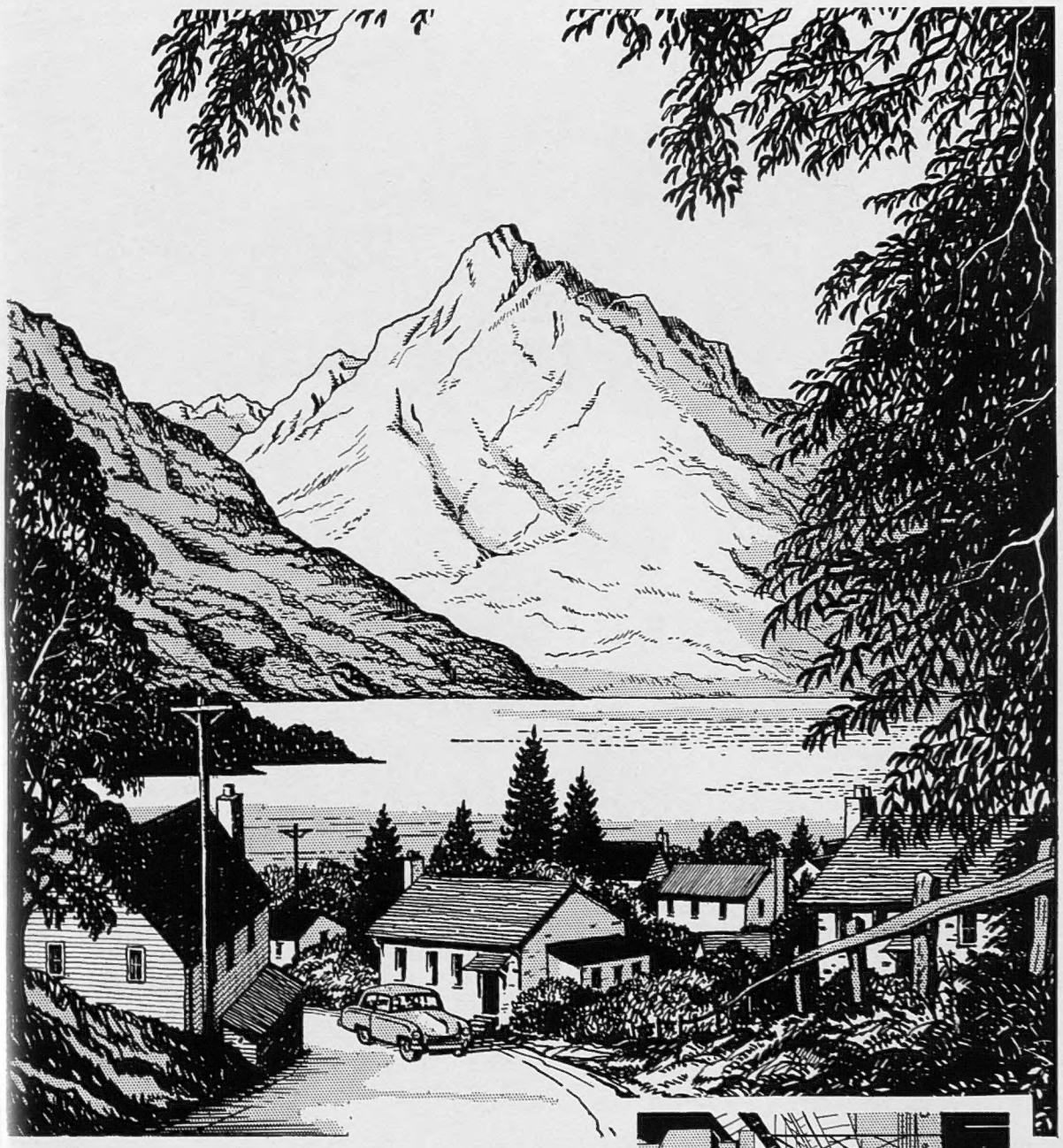

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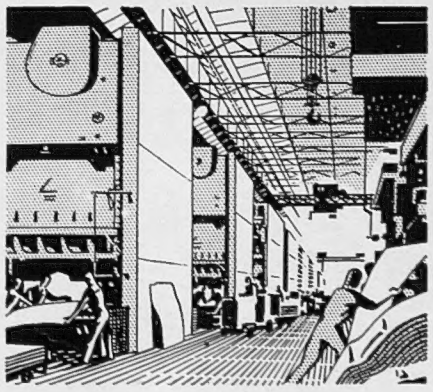

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Volume CCXIX No. 2862 The SPHERE, London, December 18, 1954

The SPHERE

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THE FINAL VOYAGE OF THE "CUTTY SARK"—THE OLD SAILING CLIPPER IS MOVED INTO HER LAST ANCHORAGE AT GREENWICH : Just eighty-five years after she had been launched at Dumbarton, the *Cutty Sark* made her last voyage, as she was taken from the East India Import Dock to her new and permanent berth at Greenwich. There she will lie under the care of the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society, a fine reminder of the old China clippers and the men who sailed in them.

At the third attempt the *Cutty Sark* was finally berthed last week. Bad weather and tidal conditions in October and November prevented this feat of timing, seamanship and organisation from being performed. The special dry dock at Greenwich, in which she now lies, is 265 ft. long and 60 ft. wide ; the *Cutty Sark* is 212 ft. in length and has a beam of 36 ft. In order to manœuvre the old clipper into her last berth she had to be lightened as much as possible to reduce her draught, so her upper masts and yards, and her deck-houses and ballasts, were removed.

The *Cutty Sark* began her long career in the China tea trade, and later went on the clipper voyages to Australia. When finally ousted by steamships in 1895, she was sold to Portugal and used as a general commercial vessel. In 1922 she was bought back, and her full rig was restored to her. In 1938 the *Cutty Sark* was presented to the Thames Nautical Training College at Greenhithe, but she proved too expensive to maintain, and was saved from destruction only by the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society, which arranged her present berth. (Further pictures appear on page 521.)

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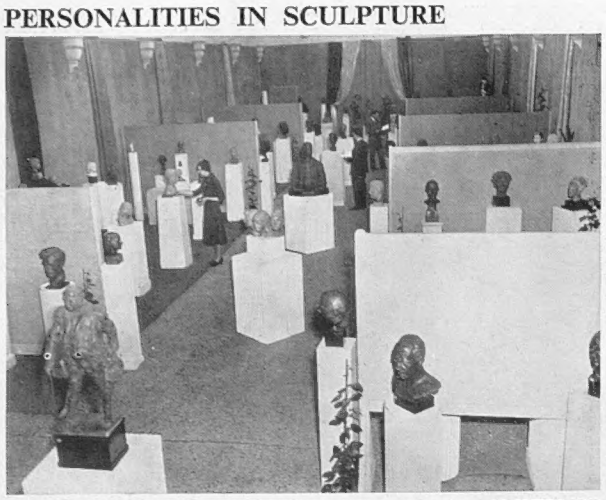
PERSONALITIES IN SCULPTURE



THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION HELD BY THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT SCULPTORS: A general view of the exhibition, which is being held at the Imperial Institute Art Gallery, South Kensington, S.W., until January 10 next year. The study in the left foreground is entitled "1940" (Sir Winston Churchill), and is by Franta Belsky. The object of the show is to present a worthy rendering of the best examples of sculptured portraiture which is being executed in Britain to-day. In a foreword in the exhibition catalogue, the Society's President, Mr. Charles Wheeler, says: "We trust that our exhibition will show how well sculpture can serve in perpetuating a likeness in a manner more complete, perhaps, and often more convincing than is possible by painting." Many of the exhibits in the exhibition at South Kensington were shown in Edinburgh earlier this year; some are also for sale.

"PAMELA BROWN": This bust in terra-cotta is the work of Adrian Allinson.

On left— **"EINSTEIN," BY EPSTEIN: Sir Jacob's bronze piece has been loaned to the exhibition by Mr. Francis H. Lowe, who has also loaned the bronze head of "Mrs. Epstein." Among the Portrait Medallions in the exhibition is one to commemorate Mr. C. R. Attlee's seventieth birthday. It is in bronze and marble, and is the work of Paul Vincze.**

"THREE INTERPRETATIONS": The plaster group of three studies of Miss Cecil Joy Burton-Shaw is by Arthur J. Fleischmann.

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"If . . ."—That the Russians fear above all things the ratification of the London and Paris Agreements was made abundantly clear by their last desperate and clumsy efforts of "diplomacy" and by the hurrying-on and the completion of their Moscow Conference, which, through the refusal of the Western Powers, became a family affair of the Eastern bloc. In insisting on "ratification first," the Western Powers knew what to expect from the Moscow Conference. They may even have been relieved by its comparative restraint and insistence on "defence." It is an unusually diplomatic document and is careful to avoid threats of force. It rehearses the usual arguments. The Paris Agreements retard the hopes of a unified democratic Germany (a distant prospect, in any case), increase the danger of atomic war, and give a dangerous handle for unrepentant Nazi leaders to re-create a highly-militarised Hitlerite Western Germany, which might soon enough be capable of dominating Western Europe. In this last argument, of course intended to terrify France, the facts have been twisted to create a formidable threat of Nazi aggression just round the corner. As for atomic war, it is enough to restate the argument that, should it occur, the densely populated Western nations will suffer more terribly than the wide spaces of Russia. Which is true enough. The threats of "urgent joint measures," if ratification takes place, are conditioned as safeguards to Eastern security. What they clearly mean, and what Sir Anthony and the rest must have known they would comprise, is a continuation for a long time and a stiffening-up of military strength on the Eastern German boundaries, a greater measure of rearming "loyal" East Germans and longer deferred hopes of settling the Austrian business and coming together for a German settlement. The West agreed, more or less solidly, to stand on "peace through strength," and accordingly knew what to expect from the Moscow Conference, and was prepared also to expect a temporary worsening of relations with Moscow. We may perhaps feel that the threats are more carefully veiled than they might have been, and that the declaration is still a propaganda threat to France rather than a naked ultimatum.

Atomic Peace Bombs.—To encourage private investors in England and America to invest their money in India, the Industrial Credit and Investment Corporation of India was formed, and Mr. Beale, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, goes out to India to manage it. The attractions of this form of investment are combined in two promises—prosperity and peace. If India's miserable standards of living can be improved by money poured in from American and British investors and loans from the International Bank, the deadly risk that India will succumb to Communism will be reduced. Communism succeeds with hunger and misery, and is less attractive to people with a stake in their country and with no haunting and daily fear of privation. Pure altruism has seldom been the sole inducement to the private investor to risk his money. A reasonable material dividend is usually a consideration, even when patriotism is an urge. Accordingly, for success in this noble and long-term new policy, the private investor will be asked to take it on trust that the money put up will be well spent so as to produce in time a new revenue to serve the loans, and, further, that Mr. Nehru's close and friendly interest in Communist China is in the nature of testing out a second string. If Western money can do it, well and good—that will be best for India. But if not, it is well to be on with the new love before you are off with the old. But co-existence and truce with China—Eisenhower's newest policy—is very much the thing, and the U.N. has made a unanimous gesture in its approval of his proposal for international co-operation in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Second strings are inevitable while the world sits on a crater-edge of uncertainty and mutual suspicions. And so we forge ahead with atom bombs for peace and war, and seek to banish Communism by removing its surest road to success, while seeking by every means to co-exist with it. A right road, a long, uphill road, and not logically a one-way street.

Will It Die?—I recognised long since that the law concerning what is absurdly called obscene libel is antiquated, obscure and muddled. The nation, in "one of its periodic fits of morality" (which should have seized us ten years ago), has now tested those laws and procedure, and found them wanting. Of five recent "victims," one pleaded guilty and perhaps regrets it, one was convicted after trial, one was acquitted, and in the other cases a jury twice failed to agree and the Prosecution thereupon "offered no evidence." Obviously the Law as it stands doesn't work, but most of us who have the juryman's mentality still believe we have an eye for a pornographer, as keen as Jane Austen's for an adulteress. We know when filth is published solely for money and when it is published because author and publisher are hot for the freedom of the Press, for realism, for the naked, and even beastly, truth concerning men and women to be put before the public, in fine language if possible, as decently as may be, but always nakedly. The difficulty which we plain jurymen have to face is to spot where deliberate suggestiveness prostitutes truth. It is not enough to say "this book is written in beautiful style." Good writing may sometimes condone practices which, crudely described, evoke mere disgust and laughter. And yet I should be sorry to dispense with the ultimate decision of twelve ordinary men and women; first, because our jury system has for centuries given common-sense decisions on even more difficult cases, and because you and I are justified in believing still in "our eye for a pornographer." What is certain to me is that those disgusting books, written solely to corrupt and to make money, have to-day a more open sale, and I shall be sorry if our effort to liquidate them now dies down. If it does, there is no hope from Governments. They are always too busy to look round the next corner. As in the case of "comics," they do nothing until, at long last, the public kicks them in the pants after a generation or two of damage has been done. But a Bill to reform the law of obscenity, whether public or private, would be very difficult to frame, would be massacred in Committee, and, if ever allowed to pass, might make confusion worse confounded. Oh, Freedom, what crimes are committed in your name!

A NEW PEER TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

VISCOUNT CHANDOS WITH HIS SPONSORS, LORD SWINTON (LEFT) AND LORD COBHAM: The new peer, formerly Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, was introduced into the Lords last week, and took the oath and subscribed the roll on his elevation to the peerage. Among those present at the introduction was the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk. Lord Cobham, who is Viscount Chandos' cousin, also has the title of Lord Lyttelton.

Those Ashes.—Between the opening day of the first and that of the second Test Match, decisions, events and some of the critics had done their damnedest to transform an English winning side into a hutch of mesmerised rabbits. They had been told that their leader had made every possible mistake, that their fielding was deplorable, their batting pokey and that their bowlers were lacking in variety or past their best. They were reminded that, as a result of Brisbane, they had, as Ash-holders, lost two, not one, of the vital games. Some of this was true. The veteran C. B. Fry, whose first prophecies were so sadly at fault, gallantly stuck to his guns and promised success at last. And several of the theoretical experts on the spot managed to conceal their disappointment, though "the thought of England's shame almost put them off their game" of writing sensationally, whatever the consequences, even *pour encourager les autres*. I remind myself and you that cricket, in a world of awful priorities, is only a game, and a game never lost till it is won, for chance plays a mighty part in the result. If Hutton had, and felt, a setback after Brisbane, he did not succumb to it. He had his boys out at fielding practice and pep talks within a few hours of the defeat, and we may be sure he is as determined as ever to win the rubber. Good luck to him and them, and may he confound his confounded critics, that small but efficient fifth column which fights for the "enemy."

Surtax Relief.—Four months are all too short for those advisers of the Chancellor on the wisest reliefs in his next Budget to impress their arguments on him, and those who put surtax relief at the head have already begun their work of propaganda.

I fancy it is a sound and a true argument that to-day by far the largest "benefactors" of surtax revenue are workers in trade and industry, whose services Britain can least afford to lose through the sense of frustration that comes from shovelling-up your rewards from hard work in a wide-meshed sieve. But the Chancellor, if he lend an ear to outside advice, and even if he agree in principle, may well be deterred from following his conscience and implementing his considered judgment by the political and economic obstacles which would face him if he were to give priority in reliefs to super-tax before income tax. He might toy with the idea of responding to the catcalls against "class" legislation by distinguishing industrially-earned wealth from inherited wealth, or wealth won extra-industrially. But he would soon come up against new obstacles, and I fancy that any such desirable reliefs must wait on a new Government with a new mandate and an adequate majority to risk legislation for a small minority, however strong the argument that it must benefit the national economy.

Crime Detection in the Laboratory.

—Crofts, Freeman, and other of the more scientific Whodunits, will be off to Scotland Yard to get what wrinkles they can from the scientists at the Yard's laboratory. The gold-leaf case will give them a wonderful opportunity of achieving the impossible for their favourite sleuths in their next crime stories. It is sometimes my task to give a fatherly word of advice to young petty larceners on a rural Bench. Most of them, of course, laugh in their sleeve at the "old geyser's" sermon and resolve to do better next time. For I usually tell them that nowadays crime cannot pay, and that the most brilliant thief is no match for the scientific crime laboratory. One or two of the modern methods of detection—wizardry, until you know how it is done—I have seen in private demonstrations, and *confidential* they remain. But I have found a few young amateurs in crime to decide that the old geyser was not such a fool as he looked, and to accept it that it does take nowadays years of study and practice to be able to get away with crimes for a long time, and that not one master criminal in a thousand gets away with it for his active life. What hope, then, for a greenhorn? So the scientists enable the prosecution to prove the case, the jury are clear on their verdict, the judge puts the accused in long-term detention, and the only weak link in the steel chain that joins crime to expiation is the prison of to-day, in which the bars are of anything but steel.

P.R.A.—Sir Gerald Kelly, during his reign as P.R.A., kept alive the Munnings tradition of forthrightness and wisecracking. Often the wisecracker, and sometimes the wit, risks being hoist with his own petard. It was certainly hard on Sir Gerald when in jest he made one of our most time-honoured clichés ("I know nothing about art but I know what I like"), without the use of "quotes," that he should be trounced for an admission so frank and so curious in a P.R.A. His farewell message revealed some of the anxiety which forever attends those who have charge of valuable pictures. He demonstrated how "substitutions" of small masterpieces might be carried out in "full view" of the attendants in a few seconds. And he explained that the glazing of pictures was often a regretted safeguard against the fountain-pens of autograph fiends. But Art is long, and very long its road to its goal of educating the public in the beautiful and the good. And now Professor Richardson will have one year only in which to educate the public. At home, at any rate, he "lives in the past." He is an architect (as you know).

The Next President in the U.S.A.?

—Advised by certain Jupiters of the Press, of his own Party and of the Opposition, that it would now be well if he went into "honourable retirement," Sir Winston, that young and ambitious politician, may find hope and a loophole in a suggestion recently made by the *New York Times*. It suggested that honorary citizenship of the U.S.A. should be conferred on him. This, it argued, would follow the precedent set in 1784 when the General Assembly of Maryland conferred it on La Fayette. (It was new to me that La Fayette, at any one time, held dual citizenship.) Be that as it may, if the suggestion were implemented by Congress, a new career might open for our Premier, if he bowed to our Jupiters' instructions. He himself forecast "common citizenship" in the world to-morrow, and this action would be a great step forward in the ideal of "pooling international resources." How helpful, too, for Britain might be the election as President of the U.S.A. of a statesman who is quite familiar with our peculiar institutions and national character. I merely pause to wonder whether a still shorter cut to world settlement might not be won if Moscow cribbed the idea from Washington and got in first. Churchill at the Kremlin would gash a big chink in the Iron Curtain.

THE OLD STAGER

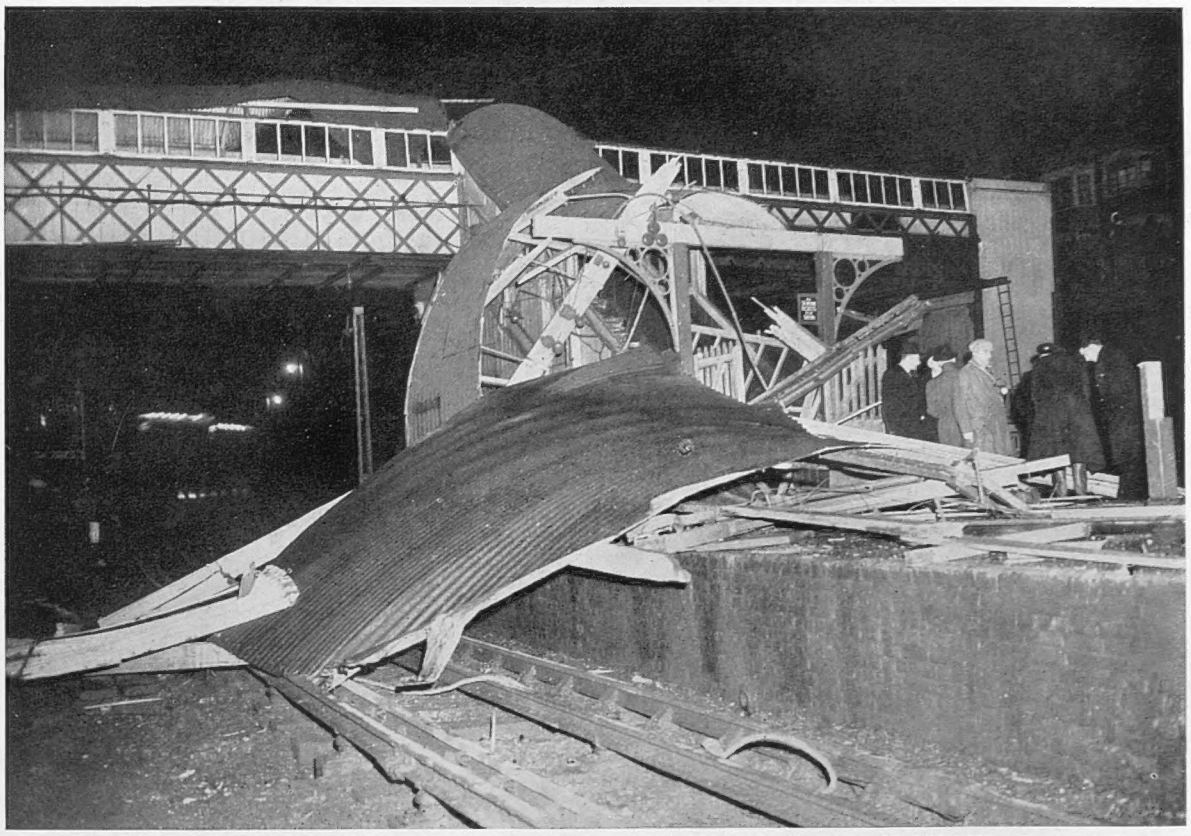
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LONDON'S DRAMATIC SCHOOLS

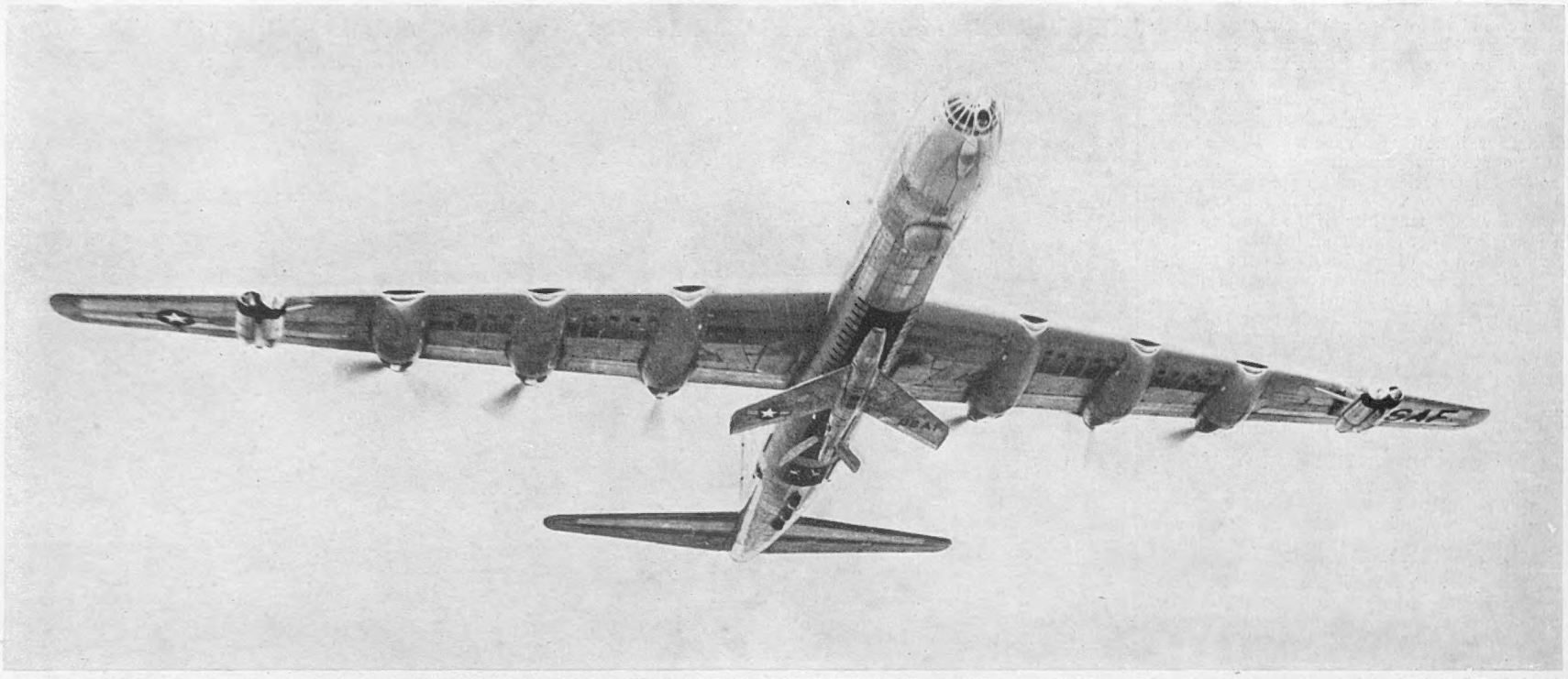
By JAN STEPHENS

Illustrated with exclusive "Sphere" photographs

TORNADO DAMAGE IN GREATER LONDON—STATION AND HOUSE WRECKAGE



WHEN THE FREAK WHIRLWIND STRUCK THE WESTERN AND NORTH-WESTERN SUBURBS OF LONDON: Part of the roof which was blown across the platform and the railway track at Gunnersbury Station. Six persons received slight injuries but, had the collapse taken place ten minutes earlier, there would undoubtedly have been a higher casualty figure, for at that time there were about 200 people on the platform. *Below*—A severely-damaged house and shop in the Vale at Acton; in the foreground firemen are clearing debris from a car. At the time of the "tornado" in London, gales and strong winds prevailed throughout the country and in many places roads were blocked by landslides and fallen trees. Heavy rain also caused flooding, while some places had snow. At sea there were several tragic reports of loss of life owing to ships and boats capsizing.



THE THUNDERSTREAK AND THE B-36—ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POTENT ATTACK COMBINATIONS : The F-84F, seen clinging like a fly to the belly of the gigantic 10-engined GRB-36, is of the same type that was demonstrated at the United States airfield at Bentwaters, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, last week. These aircraft are the first of their kind to be based in Europe and are capable of carrying nuclear weapons. The Thunderstreak is the fastest plane in squadron service with the U.S.A.F.

THUNDERSTREAKS IN BRITAIN

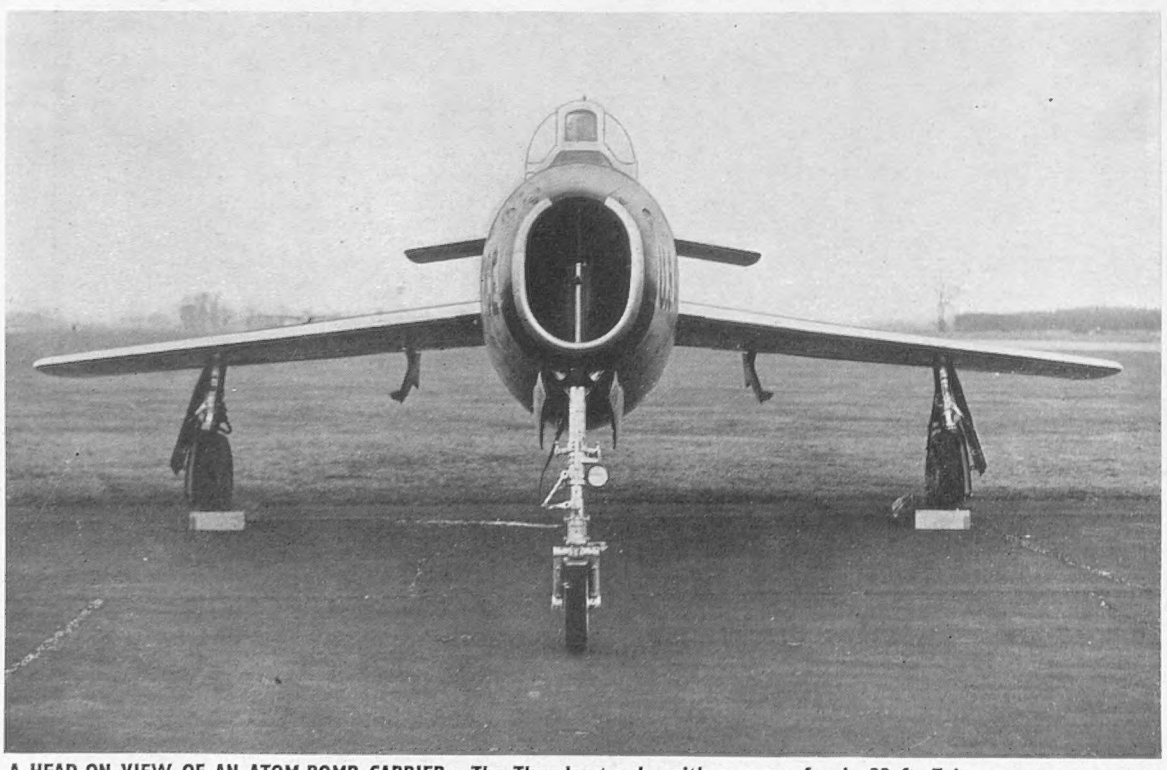
THE U.S.A.F. SHOWS OFF ITS LATEST ATOM BOMBER

The pictures released earlier this year, and published in THE SPHERE, showing the F-84F being released from, and flying back to, the belly of the GRB-36 intrigued many people, both from the point of view of flying technique and by the tactical possibilities opened up by the combination. Last week, air observers in this country were given an opportunity of seeing the most important part of this twosome, the Thunderstreak, in action.

The demonstration was given by the 81st Fighter-Bomber Wing of the United States Air Force stationed at Bentwaters, in Suffolk. The Americans were showing-off, with justifiable pride, their newly-arrived squadron of Thunderstreaks, an aircraft which is a direct, but sweptwing, descendant of the well-tried and trusted Thunderjet. The speed of the Thunderstreak is officially stated to be "more than 650 miles per hour," but during the demonstrations one aircraft flashed by spectators in a low-level run at 720 m.p.h. This aircraft, despite its small size, can carry a nuclear weapon or as much high explosive as the Flying Fortresses of the last war. It has a range of 1,000 miles, but this can be increased either by in-flight refuelling or by the more exciting method mentioned above. In this combination, the 10,000-mile range of the B-36 is combined with the near-sonic speeds and manœuvrability of the smaller aircraft. As a fighter, too, the Thunderstreak is in the top class.

The primary task of the squadron at Bentwaters is to be ready to conduct atomic operations against possible aggressors in Europe, but it is also to assist in the defence of the United Kingdom should this prove necessary. Another squadron of Thunderstreaks is soon to be stationed with the 20th Fighter-Bomber Wing of the U.S.A.F. at Wethersfield, in Essex.

THE THUNDERSTREAK LIVES UP TO ITS NAME : One of the aircraft stationed at Bentwaters takes off at a very steep angle with the help of J.A.T.O. rockets.



A HEAD-ON VIEW OF AN ATOM-BOMB CARRIER : The Thunderstreak, with a span of only 33 ft. 7 ins., can carry more destructive power than could many squadrons of the ponderous World War II bombers. It can also fly at twice the speed. These aircraft are powered by the British-designed Sapphire engine built under licence in the U.S.A.

THE THUNDERSTREAK AND SOME SAMPLE LOADS : Nearer the aircraft and dwarfing the pilot are some of the additional fuel tanks which can be carried. In the foreground are rockets, machine-guns and bullets, and high-explosive bombs.

THE THAMES VALLEY FLOODS

The River at its Highest Since Seven Years Ago at Windsor and Maidenhead

THE WORST FLOODING IN THE THAMES VALLEY SINCE 1947 : The Windsor and Eton and Maidenhead districts were the worst hit by the high waters last week-end. The two aerial pictures on this page give some idea of the vast extent of the floods. *Above*—Maidenhead is flooded for the second time in ten days. The river overflowed far beyond the town and Bray and Cookham villages were cut off. The water rose to 2 ft. in the Maidenhead Bus Station, which had to be abandoned. "Flood Wardens" toured the district in punts, giving advice and help, and the corporation employed boats to deliver milk. *Below*—Windsor and Eton. The Thames normally flows in the centre and left foregrounds round an island, which is now submerged. Then it passes under the bridge (middle right) on the Slough-Windsor railway, and follows an "S" course round the bend, which starts in the right background. Eton Chapel rises in the left background, and in the far right background—at the top of the normal "S"—the river has overflowed into Windsor Home Park.

THE WEATHER

Pictures of the Snows, Ice, Gales and Floods; and Damage Caused in Britain and Ireland

The weather seems to be determined to continue its freak record for 1954 until the end of the year. Last week it called up almost all the weapons in its armoury to assail Britain from Cornwall to Scotland, and also to ravage Ireland with a gale estimated as the most destructive in the last quarter of a century.

There were few parts of the United Kingdom and Eire which were not affected by tempests, rainstorms, thunder and lightning, snow, hail or fog. London suffered from what was popularly described as a "minor tornado."

Snow falling in Scotland and the North of England was heavier than usual. Roads were icebound and a blizzard stopped traffic altogether over Shap Fell, in Westmorland. Landslides and fallen trees added to the hazards of many roads. Meanwhile, tempests roared around the coasts of the British Isles. Among the victims were three members of the crew of the Scarborough lifeboat, which capsized in heavy seas. Rivers broke their banks in the South and West of England. In Devonshire householders had to clean up their homes for the fourth time in three weeks. In Dorset a whirlwind caused severe damage to Bere Regis. In London and the Home Counties the minor tornado in the west and north-west suburbs wrecked a training school for nurses in Acton, blew the roof off Gunnersbury Station and caused numerous casualties to person and property.

Ireland was one of the worst-hit areas. The River Tolka, in Dublin, overflowed and damaged many areas of the city. In Shannon several hundred farmers and their families were evacuated

LIVERPOOL HAS ITS FIRST SNOW OF THE WINTER: This picture was taken in Ranelagh Street. But snow was only part of the appalling weather which hit the United Kingdom and parts of Ireland.

TRAFFIC IN THE SNOW IN DERBYSHIRE: A scene from Long Hill, outside Buxton. Over forty-six counties traffic had to face hazards of snow and ice, and roads were blocked by landslides or floods.

SHEEP SHELTER IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: This flock in the snow of the Dunkeld area of Perthshire has collected for protection against the wind, beneath a dyke. About 9 ins. of snow had fallen over parts of the Highlands.

FLOODS IN THE WEST COUNTRY: Downpours brought floods to disrupt communications in the West and the South. These two pictures are from Plympton, in Devonshire, where the people have become unhappily familiar with floods this winter. *On left*—the Cornish Riviera Express, drawn by two engines, ploughs into the water on her journey to Paddington. *On right*—Cars take to the floods on the road outside Plympton Station. The inundations were deep on many parts of the road and railway tracks.

HOVE DAMAGED BY TEMPEST: High seas breached the wall of the promenade and swept on to the putting green on the front of Hove. All round the coasts of Britain the fury of the gales caused widespread damage. Few seaside places escaped the violence of the 70-m.p.h. winds.

RESCUE IN A DUBLIN STREET: A family watch from an upper window in James's Street, as a man tries to bring a cow out of the floods. Hundreds of houses had to be abandoned, and there were 2,000 families homeless.

DESTRUCTION FROM IRELAND'S WORST GALE IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: Engineers blew the Drogheda Railway bridge in Dublin after it was smashed by the River Tolka bursting its banks. The waters swept over a considerable area of the Irish capital. The Cabinet directed relief work.

AFTER LONDON'S MINOR TORNADO: Repairs start on the signals of the railway outside Gunnersbury. This station was severely hit and six people were injured.

A SECTION OF FLOODED DUBLIN: An aerial view of Fairview Park and the suburb of Fairview beyond it. The park is about 100 yards from the River Tolka, from where the floods poured and put out of action railways, bridges and streets. Gas, electricity and water services were affected and Army engineers took emergency measures.

A VISIT TO QUEMOY ISLAND

A Swiss Correspondent's Call on the Chinese Nationalist Stronghold, which is within Sight of Communist China

By FERNAND GIGON

A visit to Quemoy is organised in much the same way as a visit to the theatre. But tickets are scarce, and journalists come to Taipeh, in Formosa, from all over the world in the hope of getting one. Before leaving for the island, you have to sign a declaration saying that, in the event of an accident or a Communist attack, you will not sue the Republic of China for damages. This declaration is "read and approved" in front of two witnesses, who also sign the paper. From that moment you are in the hands of Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalist Army.

Hardly had we landed on the Quemoy airstrip when we were rounded up, checked and hustled into a command car. We set off along wide new roads, carved out of the living rock. We travelled along a mimosa-lined road, then came to a halt in the square of a little village, which was so Chinese and so lovely with its twisty roofs that it looked like a Ming engraving.

We were greeted by a General Shen. He took us into his H.Q., where we drank unsweetened tea, while he smiled and nodded at us, and was so exquisitely polite that it was very difficult to get any precise information out of him. The man who was going to give us this information was a specialist named Yen, who, although he had the rank of general, was, in fact, a political commissar. This is a post that the Nationalists have had no hesitation in borrowing from the Communists. And to-day, one can affirm that these commissars have not only enabled Chiang Kai-Shek to maintain his power, but also to save the Kuomintang, Free China, and an army of 500,000 men.

GUARDIAN OF THE ISLAND : A Chinese Nationalist soldier on guard on the shores of Quemoy. In the distance can be seen the hills of the Chinese mainland. Elaborate defensive works prepare the island against Communist attack.

THE DEFENDER OF QUEMOY : General Liu Yu-Chang, in command of the 25,000 Nationalists on the island. To visiting correspondents he spoke little and smiled a lot.

NEW ROADS FOR MILITARY TRANSPORT : These roads, built with American aid, link every part of the island. Apart from its defensive role, Quemoy could be the springboard for a Nationalist attack on the mainland.

General Yen took us into his staff room, whose walls are covered with maps. He spoke in Chinese—which was interpreted for us by another officer—with such conviction that, even though we didn't understand him, we were compelled to listen to every word he said. What, in fact, he actually did say might have come straight out of a propaganda book. . . .

In Quemoy, which grows rice, sweet potatoes, maize and a few fruits, civilians carry on their normal work, despite the shells which fall on their land. The Government uses Quemoy as a training base for soldiers—25,000 to 30,000 of them—and fishermen. The soldiers are taught the art of self-defence, how to fire guns, and how to express their faith in the destiny of Free China. The fishermen are taught how to pass on false information and other propaganda to fishermen who come over from the Communist coasts. This propaganda from junk to junk is directed by the political commissars.

After our "briefing" by the General, we sat down to lunch. The defender of Quemoy, General Liu Yu-Chang, invited his visitors to share his table. He spoke little, smiled a lot, and flashed his chopsticks from one to another of the ten dishes which compose the traditional Chinese meal.

Little by little, we forgot the war, the shells falling on Quemoy and Tachen, we forgot that men were dying. But then the information officer reminded us that the single weekly military plane was returning to Taipeh in two hours. It was obvious that the information officer wanted journalists to visit the island, but that they would be so smothered with politeness and charm that they would only see just as little of the island as he wanted them to see.

Eventually we set off in the command car again. The road ran along the beach and the Public Information Officer asked us to take off our white caps, as they might serve as targets for the Communists. The Reds were only a few miles away. At Tateng, they are only 2,000 yards away from the Nationalists, and at night they insult each other through loudspeakers—until somebody spoils it all with a tommy-gun. At this season of the year, the Nationalists have the advantage, for the wind blows from east to west; but the Communists will get their revenge in February.

We passed through the village of Ku Ning Tu, the most advanced post of the Nationalist "Front." It was near here, it is said, that the Reds lost more than 20,000 men in 1949 when they tried a landing on Quemoy. To-day the place is full of strong-points, shelters and trenches. A series of bells has been set up to give the alarm should the occasion arise.

It was impossible to take any pictures, and we were expressly forbidden to take photographs of a trench or shelter; of a soldier armed with a gun that everybody knows all about, since it is American. But the Information Officer did consent to pose for us. . . . We heard gunfire, but it was impossible to know if it was Nationalist or Communist. When we asked if we could see any bomb or shell damage, we were at once reminded that it was time for us to leave. Apart from one or two smashed roofs, we saw no real traces of war.

THE LIFE OF A MILITARY VILLAGE : Between training, the Nationalist soldiers relax in the villages, where there are shops and places of entertainment. There appears to be no threat of enemy shells.

THE POLITICAL COMMISSAR : General Yen who, despite his military rank, is, in fact, a political commissar, a post which the Nationalists have openly borrowed from the Communists. His task is indoctrination. Briefing the correspondents, he said that Quemoy presents five advantages to the Nationalist cause : political, strategic, military, psychological and material.

For a journalist, a visit to Quemoy is a visit of unobtainable—or forbidden—photographs. But he also begins to understand why the Communists hesitate to throw 100,000 men into the battle for the heavily defended island.

We were hustled along as departure-time drew near. The command car took us through a lunar-like country, rocky and waterless; the centre of the crest which runs across the island. Part of the artillery is hidden there in holes covered with camouflage nets.

For our edification, one of the officers let loose a weird cry that sounded more like a dog howling. At once men appeared from everywhere behind the rocks, and assembled a 155 American-made cannon. No shells were fired, for two reasons: to save our eardrums, and in order not to wake up the enemy.

Quemoy doesn't smell of gunpowder—yet. It smells more of the sweat of 25,000 men digging shelters. The décor is in place. The actors are on stage. All is ready for the entrance of the war-god.

THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS PREPARE

Training and Defensive Works by Chiang Kai-Shek's Forces on the Island Chains, a Few Miles from the Communist Mainland

Within sight of the mainland of China lies a chain of small islands occupied by the Nationalist troops of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. Besides being a distant outpost for the Nationalist headquarters in Formosa, 150 to 200 miles away, these islands are also convenient starting-points for the numerous raids which are made on the mainland, and for guerilla activities in Communist China. At the same time, they are within easy striking distance of the Chinese Air Force, and many of them have already felt the weight of Communist artillery. The Nationalist command has, in the past few months, ordered the strengthening of the defences of the Tachen group and Nanchi-shan island, both against bombardment and against invasion by Chinese Communist forces.

The position of Chiang Kai-Shek and his forces has been strengthened by the conclusion of a mutual defence pact between Nationalist China and the United States. This makes it clear that the United States Government would not tolerate an attack on Formosa or the near-by Pescadores islands. On the other hand, no mention is made of the island groups as close to the mainland as the Quemoy or the Tachen group. These are clearly indefensible if a concerted attack is made upon them, and the United States has not undertaken commitments she might find difficulty in fulfilling.

DIGGING-IN AGAINST COMMUNIST AIR ATTACKS: Chinese Nationalist troops on one of the Tachen islands, 14 miles off the Chinese mainland, constructing air-raid shelters in a hillside. Rock and cement are used in building these defences against possible air attacks from Communist China.

WOMEN HAVE THEIR ROLE TO PLAY: Women guerillas in uniform during classes in warfare techniques on Nanchi-shan Island. This island is the headquarters for Nationalist guerillas who operate on the south-eastern coast of the Chinese mainland.

PART OF THE NATIONALIST COASTAL DEFENCE: An armed junk off the island of Lower Tachen; in the background is part of the village of Tashatou. The Nationalists also have a well-equipped navy in the Formosa Straits.

NATIONALIST SOLDIERS AT THE DOUBLE: A platoon of infantry moves fast during an exercise on Upper Tachen Island, while, at right, the alarm is sounded. But farming on the hillside continues undisturbed.

BARBED WIRE FOR THE COASTLINE: Nationalist troops stationed in the Tachen Group rigging barbed-wire defences on the rocky cliffs overlooking the sea approaches to one of the islands. This is part of an intensified programme to bolster the defences of these outposts.

THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN AFRICA, ASIA, AMERICA, AND EUROPE

THE UNITED NATIONS DEBATES THE IMPRISONMENT OF ELEVEN AMERICAN AIRMEN: Voting in the Steering Committee of the United Nations at New York for immediate debate on the question. The Big Three's representatives are, from left, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Anthony Nutting and Mr. Jacob Malik.

After a Steering Committee of the United Nations had decided, by ten votes to two, to discuss immediately the imprisonment of eleven American airmen by the Chinese Communists, the General Assembly met in New York to discuss a fifteen-Power complaint. Those countries whose troops had fought against the Communists in Korea decided unanimously to condemn the imprisonment and to try to secure their release. In the course of the debate Mr. Lodge, of the United States, referred to more than 2,000 persons on the United Nations' records who were posted as "missing" after the Korean war. The first that was known about the fate of the eleven airmen was the announcement from Peking radio that they had been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for alleged spying. After three hours' debate the Assembly decided by 48 votes to 5 to place the complaint on its agenda and to consider it immediately.

WAITING FOR THE PAPAL LEGATE TO NIGERIA: A section of the large crowd assembled in Lagos outside the residence of the Archbishop. They were awaiting the arrival of the Legate for the Nigeria Marian Congress.

A ROYAL WELCOME FOR THE POPE'S AMBASSADOR: The Oba of Lagos, Oba Adele II, reading his address of welcome to the Papal Legate, Cardinal J. F. McIntyre, who was visiting the Nigerian capital for the Marian Congress there. At the right of the Cardinal is the Most Rev. J. R. Knox, Apostolic Delegate to British East and West Africa. Cardinal McIntyre was given a civic reception by Lagos Town Council; he stayed at Government House as the guest of the Governor-General of the Federation of Nigeria, Sir John Macpherson. Earlier large crowds had thronged the street in front of the palace of the Archbishop of Lagos.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON IN WASHINGTON: Sir John Kotelawala and President Eisenhower at the White House. Behind them are, from left, Mr. Gunasena de Soyza, Permanent Secretary to the Ceylon Minister of External Affairs; Mr. S. S. Grunewardenes, Ceylon Ambassador in Washington; and Mr. Philip K. Crowe, United States Ambassador in Ceylon. During his talks in Washington, Sir John Kotelawala suggested that Ceylon should be included in any new American economic aid.

A DISASTROUS AVALANCHE OF SNOW ON MOUNT FUJI: An unexpected and unprecedented snowslide on Japan's most revered mountain engulfed seventeen people, together with the mountain house in the foreground at left. Rescue squads are seen searching for the missing people at what is known as Station No. 5. At the time only one of the bodies had been recovered. This is the biggest disaster on Mount Fuji in modern times; in 1868 sixteen climbers perished.

On left—
A COALITION AFTER WEST BERLIN'S ELECTIONS ? Herr Ernst Lemmer, left, leader of the Christian Democrats, and Dr. Otto Suhr, the Social Democrat President of the West Berlin Parliament, link arms after the announcement of the election results. It seems likely that the Social Democrats, who polled 44 per cent. of the votes, will join in a Coalition with the Christian Democrats, whose following increased and who gained 30 per cent. of the votes. Dr. Suhr is regarded as the almost certain successor to the Lord Mayor, Dr. Schreiber ; he will probably take office when the West Berlin Parliament meets next month.

On right—
THE FEDERAL CHANCELLOR AT AN EVE-OF-POLL RALLY : Dr. Konrad Adenauer entering West Berlin's Sportpalast to the cheers of his supporters. Shortly before polling the Federal Chancellor addressed a rally of 8,500 Christian Democrats. Over 90 per cent. of the electorate turned out to vote ; a feature of the elections was the rout of the Communists, who polled only 2.7 per cent. of the votes.

"THIS IS THE LION"—SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW PREMIER IS ACCLAIMED AFTER HIS ELECTION : Chaired by his supporters, Mr. Johannes Strydom emerges from the Raadsaal, in Pretoria, the old Transvaal Parliament House, where he had been elected leader of the Nationalist Party after a Party caucus had been held inside. There were cries of "Dis die leeu !" ("This is the lion !"), for Mr. Strydom is popularly known as the Lion of the North. The crowds waved old Republican flags and the anthem of the old Transvaal Republic was sung.

THE SHAH AND EMPRESS OF PERSIA IN NEW YORK : The thirty-four-year-old Shah and Empress Soraya on their arrival at Idlewild Airport from Holland. One of the purposes of the Shah's visit to the United States was to have a general medical check-up and possibly to undergo some medical treatment. He and the Empress paid a three-day visit to Washington, where they met President Eisenhower. Later, the Shah went to Los Angeles to visit his sister.

THE CLOSING OF THE MARIAN YEAR : Cardinal Eugenio Tisserant walking away from the Altar after the final Te Deum of the Marian Year at the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. The Cardinal was taking the place of the Pope, who was making a good recovery from the heart attack which had afflicted him the previous week. The Pope was, however, able to close the Marian Year by radio. His voice, clear and resonant, had been recorded from his bedroom earlier in the day. He recited the Ave Maria and conferred his famous blessing, "Urbi et Orbi."

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IS ALMOST COMPLETED : Looking rather like part of a stadium, the United States Navy aircraft-carrier *Forrestal* looms ponderously over its building dock in Newport News, Virginia. This is a view of the port side of the carrier, and the overhang, made necessary by the angled deck, was one of the most difficult problems facing the ship's designers. At its widest part this overhang is 55 ft. across. *On left*—A view of the bows of the new aircraft-carrier, which was named after the late James Forrestal, who was Secretary of Defence. The *Forrestal* is the first of three attack aircraft-carriers now being built for the American Navy. These vessels were originally designed to have the normal-type landing-deck, with a retractable bridge structure, but are now being built with the less costly angled deck and a fixed "island."

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

PEOPLE IN THE LIMELIGHT AT HOME AND IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

MOSCOW'S REPLY TO WESTERN UNITY : A picture taken in the Soviet capital during the "Conference for the Safeguarding of Peace and Security in Europe." Summoned by the Kremlin, it was attended by representatives of the East and Central European satellite states. In the centre is Viliam Siroky, Prime Minister of the Czechoslovak Republic. On his left is the priest who is his Minister of Health, Josef Plojihar. A Declaration issued after the conference stated that provision had been reached for the strengthening of the armed forces of the Soviet Union and her satellites, if the Western Allies rearm Western Germany. M. Siroky spoke of "urgent joint measures in the field of the armed forces and high command to guarantee the peaceful labour of their citizens and the inviolability of their frontiers."

MEMBERS OF THE EAST GERMAN DELEGATION TO THE MOSCOW CONFERENCE : From the right—Otto Nuschke, Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the East German Democratic Party ; Otto Grotewohl, Prime Minister of the German Democratic Republic ; Walter Ulbricht, Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the East German Communist Party ; Lothar Bolz, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Malenkov signed the Declaration with delegates from Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania.

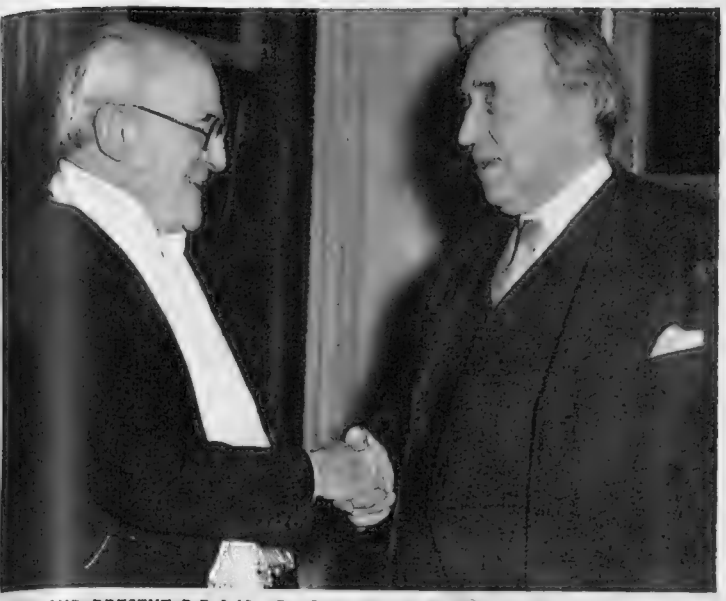
THE SOVIET UNION CEDES LAND TO PERSIA AND SETTLES A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD FRONTIER DISPUTE : M. Anatoli Lavrentiev, the Soviet Ambassador to Persia (left), and M. Hamid Sayah, initial an agreement in Teheran. The document settled outstanding questions of frontiers and finance between Russia and Persia. Russia agreed to surrender to Persia 195 square miles of territory to the west of the Caspian Sea, which have been in dispute for seventy years. She also undertook to liquidate through gold payments and goods her war debts to Persia, incurred for the provisioning of Soviet troops.

On left—

A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ARRIVES AT HIS NEW HEADQUARTERS : General Sir Charles Keightley, C.-in-C., Middle East Land Forces, arriving in Cyprus to take up his duties at the new headquarters which have been built about three miles outside Nicosia. The move to Cyprus from Egypt has been dictated by the recent agreement between Great Britain and Egypt on the evacuation of the Canal Zone. Although there are fifteen months to go before the evacuation must be complete some units have already moved to their new headquarters. The first to leave the Canal Zone for Cyprus was the 2nd Battalion The Green Howards. The sea voyage between Egypt and Cyprus was not wasted. Instead of travelling in a troopship the men went by landing barge, taking part in a combined services exercise.

A ROYAL OCCASION AT THE OPERA IN PARIS : Prince Rainier III of Monaco (left) talks with President Coty and M. André Le Troquer, President of the French National Assembly, before the start of a gala performance at the Opera. Prince Rainier was on an official visit to Paris. Since 1861 Monaco has been under French protection and although the Princes of Monaco still possess the right to coin money, this is not exercised, and the notes of the Banque de France are the only legal tender in the principality.

THE DOCKERS THROW A "NON-AUSTERITY" PARTY IN LONDON : Jeanne Crain, the Hollywood film star, chats with Sir Bernard and Lady Docker, during the party which was held at Claridge's. The guests all came from the world of entertainment and were invited so that Lady Docker could "thank all those people who have amused and entertained me so much." The party, which is estimated to have cost about £3,000, started at 8 p.m. and continued long after Sir Bernard and Lady Docker left at 2 a.m.



PAST AND PRESENT P.R.A.'S : Professor A. E. Richardson, the architect, and newly-elected President of the Royal Academy, receiving the congratulations of the retiring President, Sir Gerald Kelly. Professor Richardson, who is seventy-four, is the fourth architect to be elected P.R.A. He will hold office for only one year as the retiring age is seventy-five. The new President has been Director of the Royal Academy Architectural School for the past eight years. As an architect he is well known, and among his many building designs are the Manchester Opera House, the Jockey Club at Newmarket, and the façade of the Regent Street Polytechnic, but he is perhaps better known for his many books on architecture, especially those dealing with the eighteenth century.

TOGETHER AGAIN—GERMANY'S AIRCRAFT DESIGNERS MEET : Experts discussing the problems of West Germany's aircraft industry at a meeting in Stuttgart. Seated, from left, are Professor Georg Madelung ; Professor Ernst Heinkel, builder of the famous bomber ; and Professor Heinrich Focke, of the wartime Focke-Wulf long-range bombers team. Standing are Herr Siegfried Günter, recently released from Russian imprisonment and regarded as one of Germany's finest aircraft designers ; Dr. Eugen Sänger, once a colleague of the rocket expert, Count Werner von Braun ; and Professor Arthur Weise, a specialist in rocket production.

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS IN KENYA : The former Attorney-General, and President of the Board of Trade, in the last Labour Government being greeted at the airport in Nairobi on his arrival, by Colonel A. E. Young, Kenya's Commissioner of Police. Sir Hartley Shawcross appeared for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in the East African Court of Appeal. Speaking at a conference in Nairobi, Sir Hartley welcomed the efforts now being made to establish a completely independent police force in Kenya. Asked to comment on the controversy arising from Sir Winston Churchill's German arms telegram to Viscount Montgomery, Sir Hartley said "I do not understand what all the fuss was about."

On left—

THE QUEEN'S GURKHA ORDERLY OFFICERS COMPLETE THEIR DUTIES IN LONDON : Queen's Gurkha Captain Lalbahadur Thapa, left, of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, and Krishnabahadur Rai, of the 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles, seen in London shortly before departure for Malaya. Earlier they had taken leave of the Queen, who invested them with the insignia of the Royal Victorian Order, Fifth Class, for their services as Orderly Officers. Before the war the Indian Army used to send four Orderly Officers to England each year. Now the Brigade of Gurkhas is exercising this privilege, and these two officers were the first to come to this country.

On left—

MR. ATTLEE'S SON ENGAGED : Mr. Martin Richard Attlee, the son of Mr. C. R. Attlee, the Leader of the Opposition, is pictured here with his fiancée, Miss Anne Barbara Henderson. Their engagement was announced last week. Miss Henderson is a secretary at the Royal Siamese Embassy in London. Her father, Mr. James Henderson, of Kirkcaldy, was the unsuccessful National Liberal and Conservative candidate for East Dundee in the General Election of 1950. Mr. Martin Attlee formerly served in the Merchant Navy.

THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER RESIGNS : Mr. Shigeru Yoshida making his speech at the opening of the extraordinary session of the Diet, in Tokyo, which debated a motion of no confidence in his Government. In the Speaker's chair is Mr. Yasuiro Tsutsumi, and on the left Mr. Shin Oike, Secretary-General of the Lower House. Before a vote on the motion could be taken, Mr. Yoshida and his Government resigned. Mr. Yoshida also gave up the presidency of his Liberal Party ; his place was taken by Mr. Ogata, his Deputy Prime Minister, who was nominated to the post a fortnight before, and who led the group which pressed Mr. Yoshida to resign. Mr. Yoshida, who is seventy-six, has been Prime Minister for six years.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

"HILLS" TO THE WYKEHAMIST: The River Itchen flows lazily through the Hampshire countryside, while beyond stands St. Catherine's Hill, near Winchester. An immense question-mark was recently cut in the turf of "Hills," the well-known chalk down associated with Winchester College.

St. Catherine's Hill, Winchester.—This well-known chalk down has been in the news lately, but it has always been a place of interest and the scene of activity. There is an Iron Age entrenchment around the summit, defended no doubt by successive tribes just before the Roman conquest; possibly the Romans made use of it too. On the very top is the reputed site of an early chapel, a mound and a clump of trees, the latter probably a piece of eighteenth-century "landscaping." Known as "Hills," it was for centuries the official playground of the scholars of Winchester College, and it was not until the great reforms of Dr. Ridding in the 1860's that the boys were given proper playing fields and organised games down on the water-meadows beside the River Itchen.

But "Hills" continued to figure largely in the life of the Wykehamist. Quite apart from its attractions as a place to ramble over and, less attractive, as a site for field days and cross-country runs, there were ceremonies attached to it, at least up to my schooldays in the early 1930's. One official occasion took place, I think, in Short Half (autumn term) and Cloister Time (summer term), when the entire school and staff trooped up there before breakfast to sing an uninspiring Latin hymn, which began *Jam lucis* . . . but how it went on, I cannot for the life of me remember. After a roll-call, we all returned hungrily to breakfast.

An unofficial occasion was the initiation ceremony for new boys (called "men" at Winchester) which happened on the first Sunday of term. Dressed in those palmy days in top hat and Eton jacket, we had to perform some rather invidious tasks—crossing the Itchen over a narrow and ageing plank, running slap up the steep side of "Hills" itself, racing round the turf maze on the summit (cut, they say, by a broken-hearted scholar, confined to school during the holidays), and finally charging down into the ancient ditch of the fort to fall and embrace some symbolic stone. All rather childish perhaps (but we *were* children after all); some would call it barbaric and use it as a cudgel to beat the Public School system, but I don't believe it was harmful.

It may have been the vestiges of some really ancient practice or just a schoolboy prank. Who knows? Only last month someone has been up to the top of "Hills" and cut an immense question mark in the turf. I deplore this as an act of Philistinism, but the symbol is the right one.

Names and Notions.—I cannot leave Winchester without a word about "notions," which may be defined as: "any word, custom, person or place peculiar to Wykehamists." In the past there were a great many more than there are now, and to-day a newcomer is expected to absorb a limited glossary in his first term, although I think it really takes about a year to be fully conversant. I am no etymologist, but I should say that "notions" are in origin a mixture of Chaucerian English and monkish Latin, much overlaid with the slang and abbreviations of contemporary life. Here are some of the odder ones, with translation: Remedy = Holiday, Pitch up = Parents, Sweaty = Accomplished, Toll = To run (thus Messrs. Bannister and Chataway are "sweaty tollsters"), Non Licet = Strictly forbidden.

There is also a terminology for Winchester Football. This game, although played nowhere outside the College, had its origin, like so many others, in the streets. Thus the pitch is long and narrow, with high netting on either side to represent the walls, and two passages marked off by posts and ropes which correspond to the pavements. The main field of play in the middle must, of course, have been the road. The game is played with a soccer ball, but looks more like rugger, as there are "ups" (forwards), a "hot" (scrum), and various other players, equivalent to halves and three-quarters. This is not the place for a technical description, except to say there is one main rule—to kick the ball as hard as you can, and a host of modifications which make the game quite incomprehensible to strangers.

Why then, some people say, play it at all? It is no use at the university or in after life, it is not like real tennis or other archaic games which require few players, it is just a curiosity and a handicap. Criticism of this kind is quite mistaken. Most people play games to enjoy them, and Winchester Football is both a skilled and an enjoyable game, and actually benefits kicking technique in soccer (which is played in the spring at Winchester) and is a good foundation for rugger. So why suppress an old game which has proved its ability to survive, merely because it is different? Most of the old games that *have* gone out, like nurr and spell or stoolball, have been replaced, either by better games or by better versions of the same game. That is inevitable.

Many "notions" are merely place-names, but they are of great interest, and I think that in the countryside such local names are among our most worthwhile possessions. Every piece of property in this country has a name, and many have a background of history. Indeed, place-names are a science on their own, and there is a society, The English Place-Name Society (President, Professor Sir Frank M. Stenton), devoted to their study. I am a very humble member of it, and I wouldn't dream of trying conclusions with the experts who do the research, and contribute to the county volumes which are regularly published by the Society. None the less, I like to pursue my own investigations.

BLEA TARN AND WETHERLAM: The small, black lake in the beautiful Westmorland Valley. *On right*—Blea Tarn Farm, which has strong Wordsworthian associations. Westmorland has suffered considerably from the excessive rainfalls of this year.

When I bought my present farm I found to my surprise that about half the fields had no proper names. Some of them were called "moors" (obviously rough marshy places, a real wilderness in parts, which I have reclaimed to a large extent), others were known collectively as "cleeves" (steep slopes), "grattans" (stubble fields) and "closes" (enclosures near the farmstead). The remainder were identified by their acreage, and even then incorrectly. "Six acres" might quite easily be five or seven. This led to all sorts of confusion, so we decided to re-name. We kept the cleeves, closes and grattans, but prefixed them with upper or lower, or whatever it might be. As reclamation and hedge clearance went ahead we allotted the other fields to my two children and my employees. So now we all have our own fields—Tom's field, Alf's field, Keith's copse, etc. It amuses me to think of some research student in 500 years' time trying to make out the meaning of Dotsacre!

Blea Tarn.—Westmorland, it seems, is the hardest hit of all counties this year for bad weather. The rainfall up to the end of October for the Langdale Valley was 40 ins. *above* the yearly average. Does that mean that this year it will exceed 100 ins.? I wonder how many of the thousands of hikers and visitors who roam around the lakes realise what this means for a hill farmer? Some are facing the winter without any hay and straw at all. So tourists must not complain if next summer they find the cost of board and lodging in all the cottages and farmsteads has been doubled. Money has to come from somewhere.

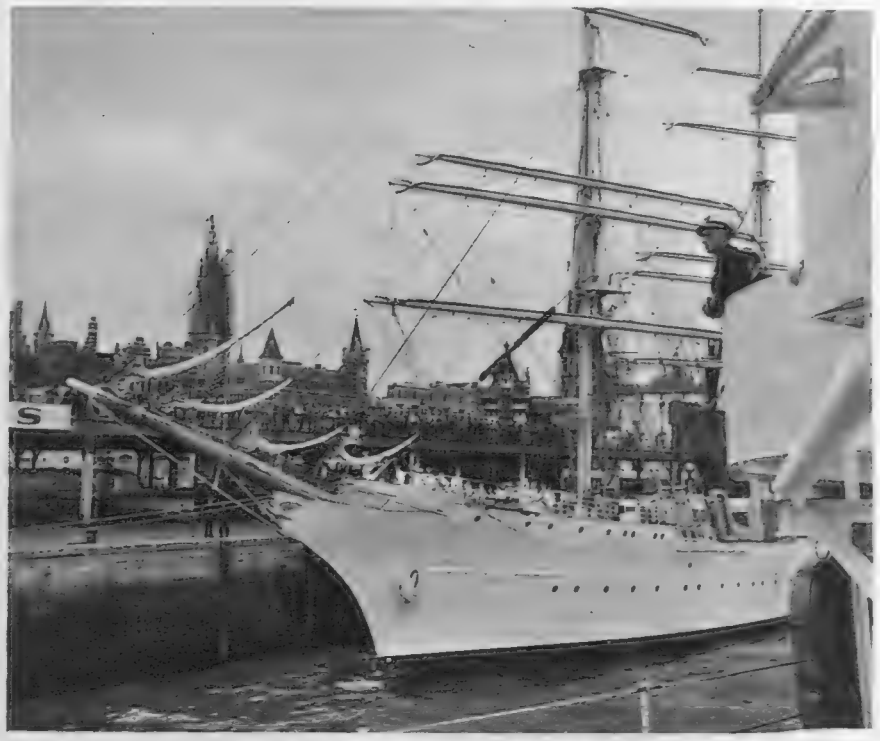
I have not been to Langdale for twenty years. It was in a hot July, and I had just left the university and was looking for a job, but there were no jobs going until September, so I decided to take a holiday. I took the map, picked out the most remote farm I could find on it in the Lake District, and took a train to Windermere. From there by bus to Ambleside, and by another bus through Langdale, the most lovely valley I had ever seen. Its beauty was staggering. At Dungeon Ghyll I walked back up the road towards Little Langdale and so came unexpectedly upon Blea Tarn—a small, black lake below a hangar of conifers, and in the foreground a typical little Lakeland farmhouse, of slate and white-washed stone. There was nobody in the yard, only some fowls and a pig rootling in the bank, but I could hear voices in the meadow below so I waited. About noon Mr. Webb and his nephew came back to dinner, and invited me in.

I stayed with them the whole of that month, and since bookings were slack I was given the best bedroom and the best—a feather—bed. Alas, it was better than it sounded, as I rather think there can only have been about two feathers in it, but the food and the hospitality were delightful. I remember we generally had a leg of lamb for tea. Mr. Webb was a widower and ran the farm with the help of the boy. There was no arable. The entire farm was down to grass, and almost all of that was rough mountain turf, which he grazed with a flock of Herdwick sheep. Sheep, a few cattle and a lot of summer visitors were the sum of his economy and I imagine it must be much the same to-day in all the hill farms of the north and west. Traffic past the farm, even in summer, was not very great then. People mostly walked or rode bicycles, but motor coaches were beginning to become a nuisance. Mr. Webb was most concerned at the shutting of the gates at either end of the road where it left the property. Sometimes he persuaded tramps to act as gatekeepers and split the toll with them, but it was a charge difficult to enforce and collect.

In winter the postman was his only caller, and he would look forward anxiously to the arrival of his weekly coupons. It was his only relaxation. The wireless made no appeal to him. Mr. Webb has retired now, and the farm is in other hands. I expect that the road has been made up and Blea Tarn has lost some of its secrecy—a good thing, no doubt, for the present tenant, but saddening for a student on a summer holiday.

COAST GUARD TRAINING SHIP

The Three-masted Cutter "Eagle," in which Cadets of the U.S. Coast Guard Receive Part of the Training which Equips Them for the Arduous Tasks of Their Service



U.S. COAST GUARD CADETS IN EUROPE ON A TRAINING CRUISE: At right, officers on board the cutter *Rockaway* look at Antwerp; in her berth is the three-masted cutter *Eagle*. These vessels take the cadets on their annual summer cruise.

ALOFT ON THE TRAINING-SHIP: Coast Guard cadets on the yard of the top-gallant waiting for one of the sails to be swung into them. It is in the three-masted auxiliary bark *Eagle* that the cadets get their first instruction in practical seamanship. They learn to climb the rigging and work aloft; to handle small boats and to observe the handling of larger ships. *Below*—The cadets in the *Eagle* go aloft to furl sail on the lower topsail. The *Eagle*, which has a steel hull and a Diesel engine, was built in Hamburg in 1936, and was formerly used by the German Navy for the training of naval officers. With her home port the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut, the picturesque cutter now trains the future officers of America's oldest naval service.

A BRAVE SIGHT: The *Eagle* in sail passing a freighter in the North Atlantic. The Coast Guard's very first vessel was a two-masted cutter, the *Massachusetts*.

Once a year a beautiful three-masted cutter glides into the ports of Europe, and her complement of young men in smart uniforms swarm down the gang-plank to see something more of the world. The cutter is the U.S. Coast Guard's training-ship *Eagle*, and the young men are cadets on their annual summer cruise. This cruise is part of their four years' training at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut. At the end of this period they are commissioned in a service which is responsible for protecting shipping and personnel around the coasts of the United States as far apart as Greenland and Alaska, the Caribbean and the Pacific.

The *Eagle* is not only the most picturesque of the Coast Guard's vessels; she also provides, although she is a comparatively modern ship, a direct link with the Coast Guard's original cutter. She was the *Massachusetts*, built in 1790 with the object of stamping out smuggling along the coast of the new Union of thirteen States. Her deck-length was only 50 ft. To-day, the Coast Guard employs 327-ft. cutters of 2,500 tons. Every variety of boat down to a lifeboat comes under the Guard's care, and aeroplanes from Flying Fortresses to big jet-assisted flying-boats, as well as helicopters, take part in operations.

The U.S. Coast Guard has three main tasks. First, it is a safety agency. It is charged with the protection of life and property at sea. It maintains ships in mid-ocean to report on weather conditions; ice patrols to warn of dangerous bergs and floes; and lighthouses and buoys to guide vessels safely to land. And when accidents occur despite all precautions, there are lifeboat stations to cope with emergencies along the shore and Coast Guard aircraft and cutters for long-range operations.

Secondly, the Coast Guard is an enforcement agency. Like the men of the tiny wooden sailing vessels of the 1790's, Coast Guard officers still have to guard against smugglers. But to-day the task of the Guard is to ensure that all Federal laws are observed. Finally, the Coast Guard is part of the United States Armed Forces. In the last war some 170,000 men fought in all theatres of war, and distinguished themselves in amphibious assaults, anti-submarine warfare and port security work. These are big tasks for the young men who disembark from the *Eagle*.

THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" REACHES HER JOURNEY'S END: The old Royal Yacht is towed by a tug into the shipbreaking yard at Faslane Port, on the Gareloch, in the Firth of Clyde. She had been brought up from the Royal Naval Dockyard at Portsmouth, where she had been stripped of her valuable fittings. Much of the furniture has gone into the new Royal Yacht, H.M.Y. *Britannia*, and other pieces have been sent to Buckingham Palace and to the Admiralty Pool at Deptford. On the left is a picture of the old Royal Yacht, with her escort of tugs, on the final stage of her last journey passing through the narrows at Rhu on the way to Faslane. The *Victoria and Albert* was the third Royal Yacht to bear this name. She was launched in 1899 and displaced 4,700 tons, her engines giving her a speed of 20 knots. She had a long and glorious career under King Edward VII and King George V. During both Great Wars she played the part of an accommodation ship. In 1946 she was condemned as unseaworthy and was converted into living quarters for the Royal family when visiting Portsmouth, where she was berthed. Her mizzen mast is to be lodged in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The First Visit of the Cunarder "Saxonia" to New York and the Last Voyage of the Old Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert"

THE NEW CUNARDER'S FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: The 22,000-ton liner *Saxonia*, attended by tugs, sails into New York Harbour for the first time. She is the first of three Cunarders built primarily for the Canadian Service. She made her maiden voyage from Liverpool last September.

THE "SAXONIA" COMES INTO HER BERTH: The liner, dressed overall, is being edged by tugs into the dock in New York Harbour. She had encountered rough weather in the Atlantic and was thirty-six hours behind her scheduled time of arrival. Commanded by Captain Andrew MacKellar, she has accommodation for 125 first-class passengers and 800 tourist-class passengers. She has nine decks and her design includes many new features of passenger-liner construction.

On left—

PASSING ONE OF NEW YORK'S BEST-KNOWN PANORAMAS: The *Saxonia* moves up the Hudson River with the famous Manhattan skyline in the background. One of the constructional innovations in the liner is her funnel, which sets a new fashion for Cunarders. The stack, which is 40 ft. high and 26 ft. wide, has a domed top. The vessel also embodies Denny-Brown stabilisers in order to reduce the extent of the roll at sea. On her Canadian run the *Saxonia* goes nearly 1,000 miles up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, instead of stopping at Quebec, which is the usual end of the run. According to present plans, she is to make five calls at New York during this winter.

REPAIRS TO THE GUILDHALL AT GUILDFORD

The Renovation of the Walls and Floor of the Sixteenth-century Court Room Nears Completion

RENOVATING A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COURT ROOM : *Above*—A view of work in progress in the court room of the Guildhall at Guildford. In the windows over the bench are three panels of heraldic glass dating back to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. *Below*—Another view of the court room taken from behind the bench.

THE IMPOSING FRONT OF THE GUILDHALL : The overhanging clock is dated 1683 and is a prominent feature of the High Street. The large room on the first floor is the council chamber. Many valuable historic treasures are kept in the Guildhall.

The task of renovating the sixteenth-century court room at Guildford is now nearing completion. The court room and many of the articles contained in it are of great historical interest. Among the outstanding features are the three heraldic panels which are seen in the picture on left. Two of these are of the seventeenth century and display the arms of the Borough and of Anne of Denmark, the consort of James I. The third window is of a much earlier date and carries the arms of Queen Elizabeth I, and the glass is thought to be that which was placed in the frame in 1579. The sword, which can be seen hanging over the bench in the two pictures on the left, is also of the sixteenth-century period.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY AT BRIGHTLINGSEA

Enacting the Centuries-old Tradition of Electing a Deputy

BRIGHTLINGSEA PARISH CHURCH, WHERE A CENTURIES-OLD CEREMONY WAS RECENTLY ENACTED : It was in this church that the ceremony of electing the Deputy of the Cinque Ports Liberty, which dates to 1551, took place. Brightlingsea is the only existing port outside Kent and Sussex which can claim membership of the Cinque Ports.

THE NEW DEPUTY TAKES THE OATH : Mr. G. Day (standing, right) is seen repeating the oath of allegiance to the old Deputy, the Rev. C. R. Heard. The traditional ceremony is held in the belfry chamber of the Parish Church every year.

FREEMEN OF THE PORT ARE THE WITNESSES OF THE CEREMONY : One of the new Freemen, Mr. A. B. Allcorn, follows tradition by giving elevenpence to the retiring Deputy.

Brightlingsea, which is the only "limb" of the medieval Cinque Ports Confederacy which is still a seaport, carries on traditions which are in keeping with its unique position. A Deputy is elected every year in the belfry chamber of the old church. The ceremony is witnessed by the Freemen of the port. These are citizens who are natives of Brightlingsea, but a person who has lived in the port for a year and a day can become a Freeman on the payment of elevenpence. The office of Deputy is roughly equivalent to that of a mayor of a borough, and its holder is head of the social life of the port. After his election, the Deputy visits the head port of Sandwich to be officially recognised by the mayor.

RESTORING ETON CLOISTERS

Pictures of the Work in Progress—a Further Stage in the Restoration of the College Buildings

Not the least among the benefactions to posterity of the pious but unfortunate King Henry VI was his foundation of the College of the Blessed Mary at Eton. More than any other school, Eton has contributed to the story of the British people.

Its first buildings were begun in 1441 and through the centuries many additions have been made. Restorations have been carried out from time to time, but not until recent years has a really large-scale programme been put in hand. The Eton College Appeal Fund, to which the Dulverton Trustees have contributed £20,000, has enabled work to be done on the Chapel and the seventeenth-century Savile House has been rebuilt. Upper School has also been completely restored.

At present work is in progress on the restoration of the Cloisters. Here there has been a general deterioration of the fabric due to flaking of the stone on the upper parts, dry-rot and death-watch beetles in the roof timbers and a dangerous bulging of the outer stone walls.

This work is now well in hand. The pictures on this page show various stages in the repairs to the Cloisters. The original stone, which is believed to be some sort of Clunch, is being replaced by Clipsham. This stone from Rutland is one of the most hard-wearing of building materials. The restoration will still keep the famous aspect of the dark red-brick old buildings, with their stone dressings and clustered chimney shafts.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON ETON CLOISTERS: A general view of workmen on their scaffoldings restoring a corner of the College Cloisters. Extensive restoration is necessary. The cost is being borne by the Eton College Appeal Fund, to which the Dulverton Trustees have contributed £20,000. The original cloister stone is being replaced by Clipsham, which should be more hard-wearing.

On left—
A TOWER DAMAGED BY EROSION: It is on the north side of the Cloisters and shows how the stonework has deteriorated. The upper part of the Cloisters is suffering from flaking of the stone and from a bulging of the outer wall, due to damage to the bonding between the outer facing and the bricks behind it.

On right—
A SECTION OF THE RESTORED CLOISTERS: In this picture the workmen are placing a stone in one of the partially-restored arches. Much of the brickwork is new, but a piece of the original arch has still to be removed from between the bricks.

THE CLOISTERS AS THEY WILL BE AND AS THEY WERE: *On left*—Some of the arches are nearly completed in their new style. The arch on the left is virtually finished and can be taken as a prototype for the finished Cloisters. *On right*—A picture of a part of the Cloisters on which work has yet to begin. The deterioration of the entire structure—arches, buttresses and brickwork—can be seen clearly. In recent years many parts of Eton College have been restored, including the Chapel.

THE SPLENDOUR OF BLACKHEATH

Christopher Wren and the Georgian Architects have Contributed to Make this District High Above the Thames One of the Most Attractive in London

By BERNARD BROWN, L.R.I.B.A.

BLACKHEATH, ON THE HEIGHTS OF SOUTH-EAST LONDON, IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS ARCHITECTURE, ITS VIEWS AND ITS CLIMATE: This picture of a corner of the heath shows how it stands above the smoke and dirt afflicting much of London. Hyde Vale runs away to the left and on the right is the Belvoir Estate in Chesterfield Gardens. Tower Bridge and St. Paul's Cathedral can be seen in the centre distance. On a clear day the view extends to the hills of Hampstead and of Highgate in the north.

BLACKHEATH is slowly but surely emerging from one of those periods of upheaval familiar in its history. There are always some prophesying its demise, but it possesses remarkably resilient powers and is rebounding to the position of quality it deserves. There are good reasons for this.

The village and heath, in the boroughs of Greenwich and Lewisham, are only about five miles from the City and form the first oasis in the desert of bricks and mortar which the æsthetically-minded meet on their way to the South. It is served by four main line stations, London Bridge (in 12 mins.), Cannon Street, Waterloo and Charing Cross (in 17 mins.), and with the departure of the tramways from South London, better and wider roads are emerging to give quick and alternative access. For the more leisurely, there is the up-river bus, in summer-time, from near-by Greenwich, and interesting down-river steamer trips. The Kentish countryside is quickly reached and the coast is only 65 miles away.

Greenwich Park adjoins and is little changed since Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, enclosed part of the heath in 1433. It offers beautiful gardens and the finest views of London.

The fresh, stimulating air is usually the first thing noticed by the stranger. For the prevailing south-westerly winds reach Blackheath from the South Downs and the sea before becoming contaminated with London's grime. Newcomers, and particularly children, seem to thrive upon the clear air and mainly gravel soil upon which Blackheath stands. It helps to give a sparkle to the Georgian architecture fringing the heath and makes us even more grateful for these legacies from the past.

The approach by road may be disappointing, but Blackheath has the compensation of being nearly an hour nearer the coast than the northern heights. With slums disappearing from south-east London and being replaced by much new building a renaissance is promised which will, in time, greatly affect London south of the Thames. However, Blackheath, a plateau perched on the southern edge of London's saucer, has enough attractions of its own and is little touched by external influences.

It is a compact and self-contained little community, most of its development having taken place in Georgian times under the control of responsible ground landlords. The Earls of Dartmouth and St. Germans, with the Cator Estate, possessed lands forming a rough horseshoe around the heath, with the open end blocked by Greenwich Park. Fortunately for us they acted as their own Town Planning Authority and left a rich inheritance.

Since those days there has been little opportunity of altering the character of the district. In Victorian times, as in the years before, there were serious encroachments on the heath requiring an Act of Parliament to stop them. Their late-nineteenth-century scars remain but cannot be excused so readily as those of their predecessors. Between the wars one or two blocks of flats were built, but they only served to strengthen local resistance, and the Blackheath Society was formed to keep a vigilant eye on any further threats to the amenities. Now, no building higher than three storeys can face the heath. All the worthwhile period houses are scheduled as of architectural importance and their façades cannot be altered without permission.

It was in the latter half of the seventeenth century that the community started to take recognisable shape. Sir John Morden had purchased the Wricklemarsh Estate in 1669 and built his "College for Decayed Merchants" on part of it in 1695. This was in gratitude for the recovery of three richly-laden merchant ships he had sent on a trading mission. They were given up for

THE MANOR HOUSE IN THE STYLE OF WREN: It stands on the brow of Crooms Hill, with a fine view over the Thames to Central London. It was built in 1695 for Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Robertson, who was a friend of Wren, and there is strong presumption that the great architect himself was responsible for the design. Inside are a number of mouldings and carved mantelpieces. Some may very well be by Grinling Gibbons. The house stands on parts of an earlier Jacobean kitchen wing of the beginning of the seventeenth century. There are still earlier traces of a fifteenth-century military strongpoint here.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPEN SPLENDOUR OF BLACKHEATH All Saints' Church, partly screening Montpelier Row behind, when the sun was sparkling through racing white

A FAMOUS GEORGIAN CRESCENT WHICH EMBODIES STONE MADE TO A SECRET FORMULA: **The Paragon, seen here, has been extensively restored since the war. The original building is attributed to Michael Searle in the 1790's. It comprised fourteen houses built in pairs and linked by colonnades. The column bases and caps, with the triglyphs, modillions and cornices, are of Coade stone.** Some are signed with the dates 1794–1796. Coade is a stone of remarkably enduring quality, made to a secret formula which died with Elizabeth Coade. It consists of Roman cement, glass, and other constituents. Kiln-fired to a high temperature, they produce a material which weathers much better than natural stone. The Paragon was altered indiscriminately and mutilated by a succession of owners and severely damaged during the war. The restoration, estimated to cost over £250,000, has taken seven years and is nearly completed. The restorers have replaced the exteriors as they were originally designed and converted each pair of houses into twelve flats.

lost, but after several years reached port safely. In the meantime, Sir John had been reduced to penury and, being overwhelmed by his change of fortune, he determined to help merchants who might not enjoy his luck. He died in 1708 and the foundation has been carried on to this day, first under the trusteeship of the Turkey and East India Companies and, since 1884, by the Court of Aldermen of the City of London. Many must envy those privileged to live in surroundings of such beauty but, so dire are the misfortunes to qualify for residence, few would want to graduate in so stern a way.

The college is a self-contained fraternity in its own lovely grounds. The members have dining and recreation rooms, a tiny chapel and a hospital. Apart from a few necessary rules they are free to lead their lives much as they wish, comforted by the knowledge that they need not want for the rest of their days. Apart from free quarters and upkeep, each receives a weekly allowance.

The Manor House at the top of Crooms Hill and the Dartmouth Row houses were being built at this time and there followed intermittent development culminating in the Paragon (1795), Colonnade and Paragon Houses 1802), with Montpelier Row following soon afterwards.

Sir Gregory Page had purchased the remainder of the Wricklemarsh Estate from Sir John Morden's executors in 1723, and commissioned John James to

(Continued on following page)

CHESTERFIELD HOUSE, WHERE THE FAMOUS LETTERS WERE WRITTEN: **Behind these windows the Earl of Chesterfield, in the eighteenth century, composed some of his immortal advice to his son. Its practical elegance is in keeping with the mind of the owner, who wrote "Style is the Dress of Thoughts," and contributed numerous aphorisms to the English language. Lord Chesterfield bought the house in 1753 and enlarged it by adding the wings.** It is also known as Ranger's House. Before and during the war it was used as a restaurant and a recreational centre, but it has been closed for some time. There is considerable local interest in its possible uses in the future.

ND THE PANORAMA AT THE TOP OF THE HILL: **Eastnor House is on the extreme right, with the village and station in the dip behind. On the island site in the centre is** Rooters Hill rises in the far distance. **In the extreme left background behind the clump of trees are The Paragon, Colonnade House and Morden College. This picture was taken** clouds and glinting on the gems of architecture which fringe the heath. **The prevailing south-westerly winds blow fresh from the sea and repel the onslaught of London's grime.**

A PERFECT EXAMPLE FROM THE HAND OF THE MASTER-ARCHITECT : The front view of Wren's Morden College. The mellow brick and stone and the white windows with their green shutters display his genius at its most mature state. "The College for Decayed Merchants" was built in 1695 by Sir John Morden. It was a token of his gratitude for the safe arrival in port of three of his trading vessels he had long given up for lost. The College is a self-contained fraternity in its own lovely grounds.

MONTPELIER ROW OVERLOOKS THE HEATH : The houses on the left were probably put up by a speculative builder in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. One of them has ironwork of a type to be found in many other London houses of the period. It is notable that in the entire row the architects made no effort to take advantage of the views across the heath by including bow windows. And only one of the houses has a balcony.

COLONNADE HOUSE WITH ITS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FAÇADE RESTORED : Built in 1802, it stands opposite the Prince of Wales Pond. Some of the columns contained the enduring Coade artificial stone. Owners in the nineteenth century either neglected the house or altered it shamefully. Now it has been restored with its full façade of pillars. Although it has been converted into flats, it has the appearance of a singly-occupied residence.

THE SPLENDOUR OF BLACKHEATH

(Continued from previous page)

design a fine mansion. This only survived until 1787, when it was demolished after John Cator had purchased the estate. Cator granted building leases to form the private Blackheath Park Estate, stretching from the heath to Lee Green, which remains to-day.

Some of the stonework from Wricklemarsh was used at The Paragon, and coping stones found during the repair of Colonnade House were carved at the back with Tudor motifs, indicating that they had, in turn, formed part of an older building.

There had been early and mid-eighteenth-century building in Grotes Place and Eliot Vale, facing the heath. It survives in a fair state of preservation, partly in private occupation but mostly comprising private hotels or flats.

The village nestles in a hollow once known as Blunt's Hole. It must have been an attractive place up to the arrival of the railway in 1848, but this was the sign for Victorian developments which have gradually changed its character, and, apart from a few old-fashioned shops and cottages, little of quality has survived.

Tranquil Vale leads round and on to the heath past All Saints Church, on its island site, to Montpelier Row and the Prince of Wales Pond, a favourite spot for sailing toy boats. Large crowds gather at the week-ends to see the model motor boats reach high speeds as they career around the pond.

Then South Row runs past Colonnade and Paragon Houses to The Paragon and Morden College, to complete the southern line of the heath. To the east, St. Germans Place and the Vanbrugh Park Estate, and to the west, Dartmouth Row, West Grove through to Crooms Hill, complete over half the circle, the remainder being filled in by Greenwich Park to the north.

While the heath is calm and peaceful for most of the time, at week-ends it becomes the scene for feverish activities. Besides the toy boat devotees, there are the model aeroplane fliers and hordes of little boys who have come from the surrounding districts to play football matches. They are followed later in the day by youths, and, later still, by the men. Then dusk falls, and the coloured ants retire with goalposts on their backs, leaving the arena to another week of quiet.

Blackheath has not always been so peaceful. It was once the resort of highwaymen and footpads, and as late as 1890 Nathaniel Hawthorne, who lived for a time in Blackheath Park, when garrotting was prevalent in the district, wondered whether the heath was more hazardous than the wild west prairie.

Much earlier, in 1381, Wat Tyler encamped here with his army of Kentish men, as did Jack Cade in 1450. The Cornish rebels made for Blackheath in 1497, expecting the help of the men of Kent, but they were defeated by Henry VII's army at the Battle of Blackheathfield.

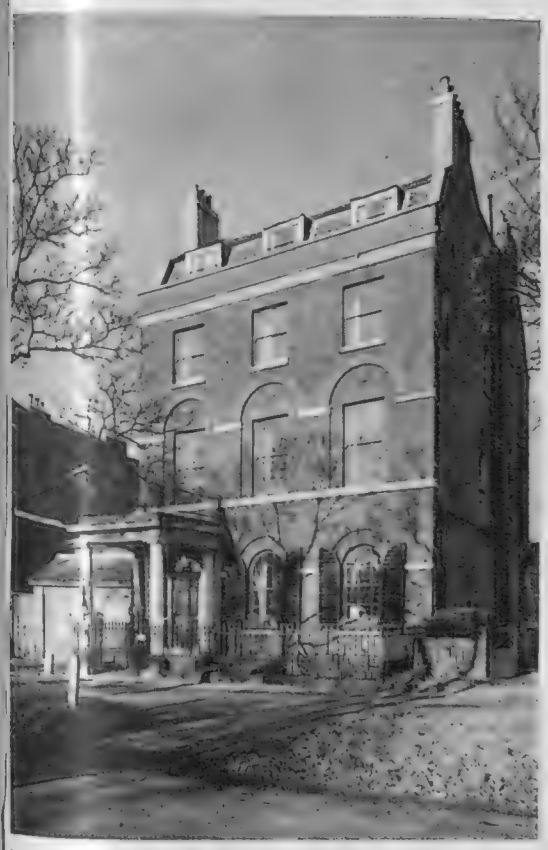
This was the last battle fought on the heath—if later Rugby football matches are excepted. The Blackheath Football Club was formed in 1857–58, and matches were played on the heath until 1876–77. The match with Richmond in that season became very unruly. There was so much difficulty in telling players from spectators that it was considered politic to seek an enclosed ground, and a move was made to Mr. Richardson's field near by.

WREN'S MAIN ENTRANCE TO MORDEN COLLEGE: In the double niche are statues of Sir John and Lady Morden. The arms below are those of Morden quartering Brand, the maiden name of Sir John's wife. The entrance leads to the quadrangle and the chapel. The members of the College have also dining and recreation rooms and a hospital. They receive free quarters and a weekly allowance. Since 1884 the Trust has been administered by the Court of Aldermen of London.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE ONLY BRITISH PRIME MINISTER TO BE ASSASSINATED: In Dartmouth Row are Spencer and Perceval Houses, once occupied by Spencer Perceval. He was the Prime Minister who was shot dead by a lunatic in the House of Commons in 1812. Dartmouth Row dates from the end of the seventeenth century, and in Perceval House (on the left) there is a fine staircase. The centre of the carving above the door is a keystone mask. Spencer and Perceval Houses have been converted into flats. Old maps show Dartmouth Row as one of the first signs of a community forming round the heath.

On left—

VANBRUGH CASTLE RECALLS THE ARCHITECT-DRAMATIST'S ASSOCIATION WITH BLACKHEATH: Sir John Vanbrugh built four houses near Greenwich Park in the second decade of the eighteenth century, when he was working for Wren on the Royal Hospital. This is a picture of the one of the four which survives. Sir John lived here until his death in 1726, and it is still known as Vanbrugh Castle. Its peculiar mixture of architectural styles is usually explained by his imprisonment in Paris in the Bastille as a suspected spy. At one time the Castle was locally dubbed "The Bastille." To-day the Castle is a school run by the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund for the sons of deceased airmen. Some fifty boys are educated here from the age of seven until their schooling is complete. Vanbrugh Castle was one of the first benefactions to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund in 1920.



A FORMER EPISCOPAL PALACE: "Manna Mead," well balanced in its sensible mid-Georgian proportions, was once occupied by the Bishop of Southwark. Its style is reminiscent of "The Wick" at Richmond.

REGENCY AND LATE GEORGIAN: *On the left* are some of the Regency houses in Lee Terrace. Like those in Montpelier Row they were probably erected by a speculative builder. The convenience of the interior has been sacrificed to the external design. On the second floor the segmental windows give insufficient light, and the pitch of the roof immobilises floor-space. *On the right* is the White House on Crooms Hill. It has a late Georgian face on a much earlier building.

Here the first England v. Wales match took place in 1880–81 before a crowd of 800 spectators. Stands and dressing-rooms were non-existent, and the teams changed at the Prince of Wales Hotel by the pond, walking to and from the ground over a mile away.

In 1883 a move was made to the Rectory field, but in the meantime a momentous decision had been taken. At the time the club was formed, there were many different codes of football, and on December 8, 1863, the Football Association was formed, with one dissentient—the member for Blackheath.

In 1871 the Rugby Union came into being with Blackheath as a founder-member, and football then became irrevocably divided into the two codes. The club is still known as the "Blackheath Football Club," as is Richmond. Neither added "Rugby" to their title. To rugby players Blackheath is "the club."

Blackheath can lay claim to further fame in sports. Apart from a flourishing cricket team it has seen hockey, archery, shinty, pony racing and, of course, golf. Traditionally the heath saw the birth of the first golf course in England, for James VI of Scotland when he became James I of England brought the game with him. The first game was played in 1608, and the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, the oldest in England, stems from the "Society of Goffers" formed in that year. The game was played on the heath until 1921, when the club moved to Eltham.

The golfers on the heath played three times round the 7-hole course, and a by-law for public courses required them to wear red coats. The local rules required players to "wait for the public and conveyances to pass." The hazards from "benches, holes made by other sports, repair works, private enclosures and objectionable matter" were recognised, as were the "roads, ditches, loose sand, footpaths and growing whins."

Each Bank Holiday sees the return of the traditional fair. Not on the grand scale of those sponsored by Lord Dartmouth in the eighteenth century and eventually discontinued because of the bad name they acquired, but nevertheless a great attraction to the surrounding districts.

Royalty, too, has its history on the heath. King Henry IV greeted the Emperor of Constantinople with great splendour in 1400. Henry V was welcomed by the citizens of London upon his victorious return from Agincourt in 1415, and Anne of Cleves was greeted here by Henry VIII in 1540.

Armies have found the heath of strategic importance since Roman times. The Danish invaders camped here in 1011. Paul Sandby painted a delightful picture of an encampment in 1780 (now in the British Museum), and during the last two wars the heath was put to military uses.

"Black" or "Bleke" can have meant "Shining" in Anglo-Saxon times. Now, the man-made blemishes have almost been made good and the jewels reset. Blackheath is settling down to shine once again for those who know and love it well.

A PARIS GALA ON ICE

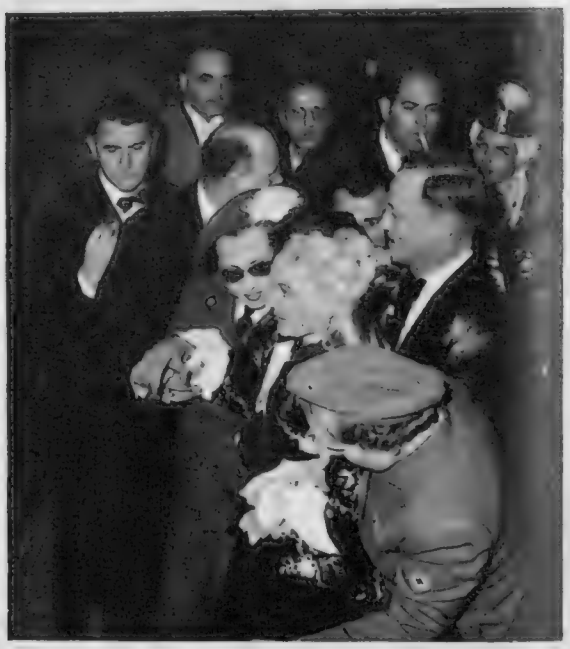
Many Social Personalities Appeared in Gorgeous Costumes at this Ice Rink Ball to Aid War Orphans

THE WINTER ICE BALL AT THE PALAIS DE GLACE, IN PARIS: Three of those who took part in an old Russian scene. From right—Countess Marina Cicogna, Miss Joan Ward (The Tsarina), and the Marquis de la Moussaye (Ivan the Terrible) in the scene from Ivan's Court.

A COSTUME INSURED FOR £25,500: Princess Troubetskoy (on sledge), as Prince Youssoupoff at Ivan's Court, wore a costume insured for 25,000,000 francs. The proceeds from the gala went to French war orphans.

"SNOW TAMES THE FIRE": In this tableau Princess Diane de Polignac appeared in a costume designed by Lanvin. Her partner is M. André-Marc Bourdon.

ANOTHER GORGEOUS HISTORICAL REPRESENTATION: Madame Arturo Lopez, wife of the business magnate, as Louise of Navarre. With her is Baron Rede.



A CASUALTY ON THE ICE: Mrs. Frank O'Neill, one of Madame de Pompadour's Ladies-in-Waiting, slipped and sprained her ankle. She was helped off by nurses.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR LOOKS ON: Accompanied by the Duchess of Windsor, the Duke sat in the balcony with a party. They looked down on many personalities prominent in the social life of Paris, who appeared in magnificent costumes at this charity gala.

"MILLIONS D'ARLEQUIN": It was devised by Henri Sauguet. The three standing in the centre are from the left—Madame J. M. Amar; Madame de Lacretelle, wife of the French journalist; and the Countess Louise de Gantaud Biron.

THE "CUTTY SARK'S" FINAL BERTH

The Old Clipper makes Her Last Voyage on the Thames to Her New Dock at Greenwich

THE OLD CLIPPER IS TAKEN UP THE THAMES BY TUGS: The *Cutty Sark* on her last voyage, as she is taken from the East India Import Dock to Greenwich. Her upper masts and yards had been removed in order to reduce her draught as she entered the narrow, specially constructed dock. Restoration work will now begin.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION PAYS ITS TRIBUTE TO THE ANCIENT VESSEL: Young sub-lieutenants, who are students at the Royal Naval College, raise a cheer for the *Cutty Sark* as she is skilfully manœuvred into her final dock at Greenwich.

HIGH AND DRY: The towering stern of the *Cutty Sark*, her sides scraped, is seen to advantage as she lies in the dry-dock near the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. The old clipper was launched in 1869.

A LINK WITH THE CLIPPER'S SAILING DAYS: Captain C. E. Irving at the helm of the *Cutty Sark* on her last voyage. Captain Irving joined the clipper as an apprentice in 1885, and had sailed three times round the world in her before he was seventeen.

A PERMANENT HOME AT LAST: The *Cutty Sark* lying in her berth at Greenwich. Restoration work will take more than a year. By 1956 it is hoped that she will be opened to the public, fully rigged and fitted as in the last century.

THE DECEMBER SALES AT NEWMARKET—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PADDOCK ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE SALE: The bidding made a lively start when, within fifteen minutes of the sale opening, the record price for a foal at auction was exceeded twice. The first foal, a filly by Prince Chevalier out of Commotion, was sold to Mr. R. Kleberg, of Texas, for 11,000 gns. Soon after, another foal, a full brother to Festoon, was sold to Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, head of the cosmetics firm, for 19,000 gns. But by far the greatest bidding duel took place between Mrs. Graham and Mr. Anthony Askew for Festoon. The filly eventually went to Mr. Askew.

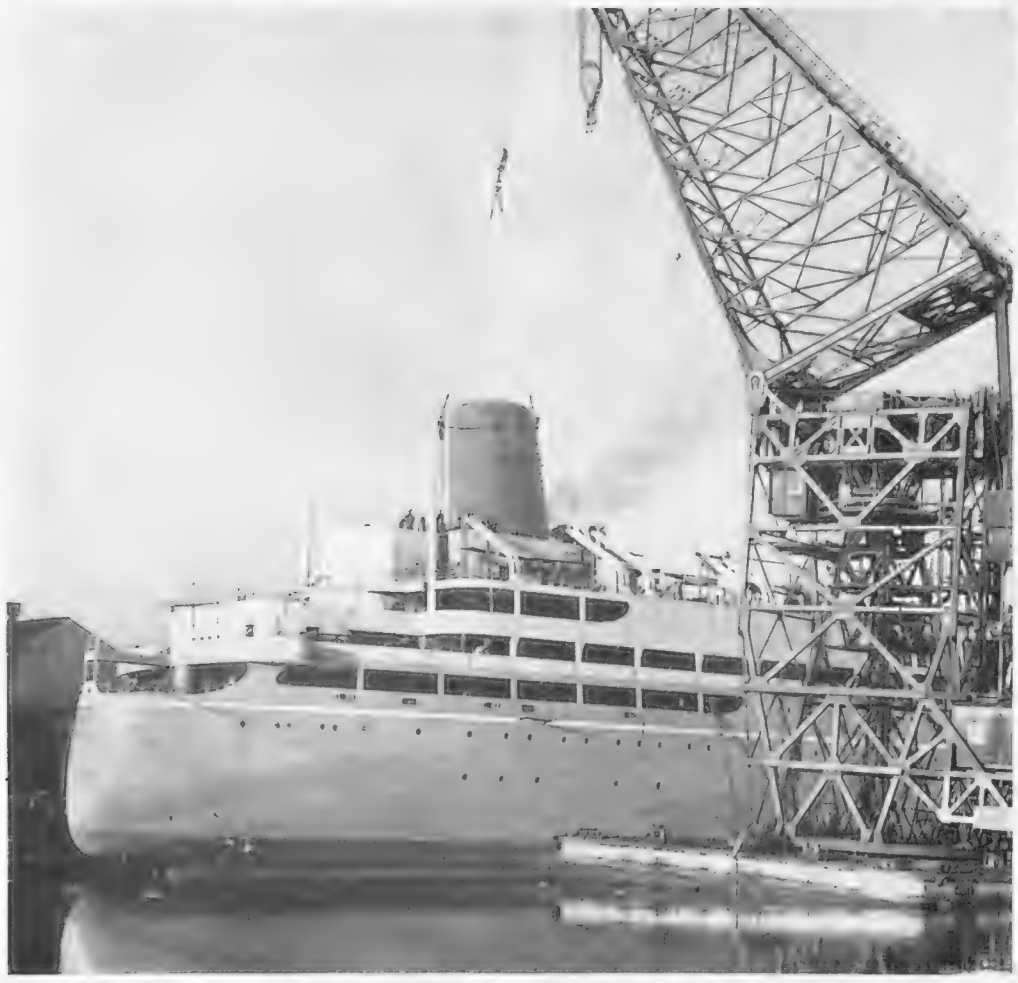
The Home News in Pictures

THE NEWMARKET SALES

AND NEWS PICTURES OF OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN

FESTOON IS LED ROUND THE RING BEFORE BIDDING STARTS: This three-year-old filly fetched the world record price of 36,000 gns. *On right*—Mrs. Graham at the sale. With her is Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN THE FINE OLD ENGLISH STYLE: This picture was taken outside the Harrow Tavern at Caterham, in Surrey. A party of horse-lovers are riding round the district to sing carols on horseback. Here some of the customers of the tavern have come out to join them. The singers are collecting money for the R.S.P.C.A.



THE FUNNEL IS FITTED TO A NEW LINER: Work is proceeding rapidly towards the completion of the new Shaw Savill tourist-class liner *Southern Cross*. She is being built in the shipyards of Harland and Wolff in Belfast, where she was launched last August by the Queen. This picture shows the funnel being lowered into position. It is a streamline construction, with a domed top, and the shell plating is of quarter-inch steel plate. The funnel tapers from its base to its crown. The *Southern Cross* starts her maiden voyage from Southampton on March 29 next year.

A POLO PONY IS LOWERED INTO PORTSMOUTH FROM A WARSHIP: His name is White Knight and he is one of the string of ponies belonging to Admiral Earl Mountbatten, the new First Sea Lord. White Knight had voyaged from Malta in the light aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Glory*. The floats strung on the ship's side are part of her life-saving apparatus. Lord Mountbatten left his post as C.-in-C., Mediterranean last week.

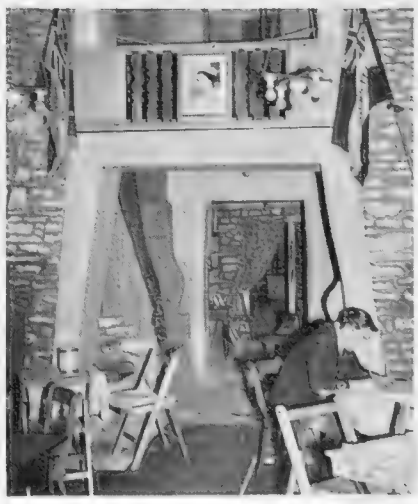
LIFEBOATS OLD AND NEW : Earl Howe, the deputy chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, is seen holding a model of the lifeboat constructed by Henry Greathead in 1788—the first to be built. In the case is a model of the cabin lifeboat *Euphrosyne Kendal*, the latest type to enter service. Earl Howe was opening an exhibition called "Lifeboats Through the Ages," at the Institution's headquarters in London.

BACK FROM A TRIP ROUND AFRICA : These students were members of an expedition by the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Exploration Clubs. Two teams drove 25,000 miles through Europe and around Africa in Land-Rovers named "Isis" and "Granta." From left to right are Tony Morgan, Don Calman, and Ross Charlton. The expedition was a rally between the Universities, and the Oxford team were judged the winners.

THE BLUES REACHING FOR VICTORY : Every ounce of effort is put into this line-out at Twickenham during the Rugby football match between Oxford and Cambridge. Cambridge won an undistinguished game by 3 points, a penalty goal kicked by P. M. Davies, to nothing. In this picture J. D. Currie, of Oxford, seems to hold hands with his Cambridge opponent, R. W. D. Marques. Watching the struggle, at left, is the Cambridge captain, I. D. S. Beer.

A SCHOOL IS BUILT ROUND A WINDMILL : The John Ruskin Grammar School at Shirley, near Croydon, which is now nearing completion, is being built alongside the famous old Shirley Windmill. This five-storied tower mill was built about 1860 and is still in a good state of preservation. Rather than destroy the well-known landmark, the Croydon Corporation decided that it should stay in its place in the school's grounds, and serve as a groundsman's store for the use of the school.

A 400-YEARS-OLD GLOUCESTERSHIRE INN IS SAVED FROM DEMOLITION : The Old Bell Inn at the village of Bisley after it had been restored to its original sixteenth-century character by a band of local volunteers. When it became known that the inn was to be demolished, the villagers started a "Save the Pub" fund. This was supported by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and subscriptions were received from all over the country. With this money, the derelict building was bought, and the volunteers restored it to its original character. It is now used by the local branch of the British Legion.



On left—

PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD BELL INN : Michael Hale, one of the volunteer workers, is seen inside a room which once formed part of the inn stables.

ALLIED FLAG OFFICERS AT MALTA ROW THEIR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO HIS SHIP: The galley conveying Admiral Earl Mountbatten from the shore to H.M.S. *Surprise*, is manned by Vice-Admiral Fife, United States Navy; Vice-Admiral Cazalet, Royal Navy; Rear-Admiral Mornu, French Navy; Rear-Admiral Zepos, Royal Hellenic Navy; Rear-Admiral Calamai, Italian Navy, and Rear-Admiral Karapinar, Turkish Navy. Admiral Mountbatten later left in the despatch vessel *Surprise*, en route to England, where he is to take up his appointment as First Sea Lord. He is succeeded as Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Mediterranean, and British Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, by Admiral Sir Guy Grantham. One of Admiral Mountbatten's last appointments at his headquarters in Malta was to attend a final conference with his Mediterranean Area Commanders. It was the fifth conference of its kind since the formation of the Allied Command in March, 1953.

MOUNTBATTEN SAYS FAREWELL TO MALTA

The Admiral Relinquishes his Command in the Mediterranean and Sails Home to Take Up his Appointment as First Sea Lord

THE ADMIRAL SALUTES FROM THE GALLEY: In the background small naval craft wait to accompany the retiring C.-in-C. to his ship. The manning of the galley by Chiefs of Staff is in accordance with the British naval tradition when a C.-in-C. relinquishes his command.

H.M.S. "SURPRISE," ACCOMPANIED BY SMALL CRAFT, LEAVES GRAND HARBOUR: Outside the harbour, units of the Mediterranean Fleet steamed past the despatch vessel *Surprise* and the ships' companies cheered the Commander-in-Chief. Aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm also flew past in squadrons.

FAREWELL TO THE GOVERNOR: Admiral Mountbatten shaking hands with Sir Robert Laycock on the quayside. Many other leading dignitaries of Malta were also present at the farewell ceremony.

THE LAST OF THE OLD MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY : Workmen demolishing the ruins of the castle-like building which was badly damaged during the war. In the background are, from left, Garden Court ; the cupola of the Middle Temple Hall ; Plowden Buildings and Harcourt Buildings (Inner Temple). Work on the new Library will begin early next year.

INSIDE THE ROOFLESS BUILDING : A view looking along one of the passage-ways towards the Embankment and, on left, the skeleton of a window.

DEMOLISHING THE "CASTLE" OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

Work Goes Ahead on the Plans for the New Library, and the Old War-Damaged Building is Demolished

The Middle Temple Library, the ruins of which are now being demolished to make way for a new building, was opened by Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, in 1861. It was designed by H. R. Abraham, and at the time of its construction stood just a few feet from the Thames. Since then, however, the width of the river has been reduced and the Embankment built on the reclaimed land. The Library was in the Gothic style and had the appearance of a fortified building. Inside, it was divided into three floors, with the uppermost chamber housing the 50,000 to 60,000 volumes of the library. There was an open hammerbeam roof supported by stone corbels very similar in design to those in Westminster Hall, and at one end of the 85-ft. chamber there was an oriel window decorated with heraldic glass. Since the bombing the library has been housed in a temporary building in Brick Court. The new Library will stand close to the site of the old building in the open space on the south side of Plowden Buildings.

A CLOSE-UP SHOWING THE NORTHERN TURRET : In former days, on special occasions, the Union flag or the House flag was flown from this tower. *On left*—The continuation of a passage-way leading off from a part of the derelict building which has already been demolished.

THE NEW ROAD TRAFFIC BILL

According to Last Week's Statement by the Minister, Penalties are Proposed for Pedestrians and Cyclists, and Provision is made for Compulsory Vehicle Tests

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

STRICTER rules for all road users and heavier penalties for those who break them are proposed in the Road Traffic Bill. It provides for compulsory vehicle tests and, if passed, drivers disqualified for reckless, dangerous or careless driving will have to pass a driving test before being allowed to take the wheel again.

In announcing the details of the Bill—one of the most far-reaching pieces of road safety legislation for many years—the Minister of Transport, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, was at some pains to fit it into the complete picture of what the Government is doing to keep traffic on the move and to reduce road accidents. The Bill, he said, must be related to the Government's big new road programme and its road safety campaign.

One of the most interesting features of the Bill is the provision for a system of vehicle testing on the lines of those already adopted in a number of other countries. It will probably be some time before compulsory tests can be started in Britain, for a big organisation is required. At first, it is likely to apply only to old cars—possibly those of pre-war manufacture.

Whatever happens to the Bill—and it will almost certainly be made law very much as it stands—the Transport Minister is arranging for the establishment of a "pilot" testing-station somewhere in the London area to which motorists may take their cars voluntarily for a free test. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter hopes to get a lot of useful information from this experiment.

Motorists everywhere will rejoice at the news that the Government has decided to spend more on Britain's roads. In the debate on the Queen's Speech, Sir Anthony Eden hinted that something like £45,000,000 a year is to be devoted, eventually, to new road construction and major improvement schemes.

This will be additional to the £30,000,000 a year contributed by the Exchequer towards the cost of road maintenance and minor improvements.

An annual expenditure of £45,000,000 will not be incurred until the Government's new road construction programme "gets fully under way," Sir Anthony informed the House of Commons. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Government will strain every nerve to put their newer, bigger road plan into top gear at the earliest possible moment.

Road construction costs are rising all the time, and for that reason alone no time should be lost. Land acquisition can be a lengthy business, so the complex processes should be set in motion right away. Man-power and all the necessary materials, we are assured by the British Road Federation, are in ample supply.

The proposed peak expenditure of £45,000,000 a year compares with an annual peak of between £14,000,000 and £15,000,000 under the present programme, laid down last year. So it is a big step in the right direction, and should do much at least to postpone the chaos which is threatened on Britain's obsolete road network.

KEEPING THE ENGINE WARM: This device comes from Solna, in Sweden. For an annual subscription of about £7 the motorist can obtain as much electricity as his engine may require from the heating posts installed in the town's car-parks. After opening the contact-box of the post with his key, the motorist attaches a flex to the post and the heater under the car's bonnet.

There is no question of the Chancellor having taken pity on the poor motorist, who pays more than £1,000,000 a day in road taxation of various kinds. The new road plan has, in fact, been inspired by our frightening accident statistics, the rapidly increasing congestion of Britain's roads, and a realisation by the Government that the national economy cannot afford the costly delays caused by our choked traffic arteries.

It was interesting, too, to hear Sir Anthony say that, although the new road plan had set a formidable target, we needed something more than new roads to improve the traffic flow and reduce accidents. That is why the Government has brought in the new Road Traffic Bill of last week.

It would be heartening to think that, while the Government is tinkering with our present road system, it had instructed some of its experts to work out a really long-term programme for a system of motorways and city through routes adequate for the anticipated needs of the year A.D. 2000. That may sound a long way off, but a simple sum shows there are only forty-six years to run before we reach the end of the present century.

NEW RECORDS ON A 500 C.C. MOTOR-CYCLE: The German champion, Wilhelm Noll, on his 500 c.c. side-car motor-cycle, on which he established records on the autobahn outside Munich. Over ten kilometres he averaged 132.1 m.p.h., and over ten miles 129.34 m.p.h.

So I hope every Member of Parliament has taken the trouble to read a synopsis, at least, of two forward-looking essays which have just won prizes in a Royal Society of Arts bicentenary competition on the subject, "Life in A.D. 2000."

Wing-Commander T. R. Cave-Browne-Cave advocated a system of roof-top roadways to relieve city congestion. He visualised traffic highways built right through a town and carried on a line of normal buildings 100 ft. high.

They would have arches over existing roads and sloping spurs at one-mile intervals to give connection to the normal road system. Each spur would also provide garage space for 500 cars.

The author of the other prize-winning essay—Mr. C. E. H. Watson—approached the problem from the opposite angle. He wants to go underground. He thinks London's traffic stranglehold could be broken by a scheme of radial and circular tunnels sited generally in the chalk-beds and designed to streamline the fast and heavy traffic without despoiling London's unique and historic character. His underground road system would be interconnected at suitable intervals with the existing surface facilities by means of helical ramps rising from roundabout intersections, and combined with car-parks, ventilation towers and helicopter termini.

The Scottish Highlands have a wild, rugged beauty at this time of the year which appeals to some people more than their gentle charms of high summer. I am fond of the mountains of Scotland at any season, and this all-the-year-round affection has just been strengthened by a week's holiday in Perthshire.

I flew from London to Prestwick in a Super-Constellation of Trans-Canada Airlines, filled with friendly envy for the passengers who were going on to Montreal in that comfortable airliner.

There was a long-standing invitation from T.C.A. to nip up to Scotland in one of their big new "Connies," and as I wanted the use of a car while north of the Tweed, I arranged to borrow one from the old-established Glasgow firm Cameron and Campbell, one of Britain's biggest car-hire organisations.

When I called to collect my Standard Vanguard I was able to renew acquaintance with Mr. Evan Cameron, youngest son of the firm's chairman, who founded the business more than thirty years ago. Evan manages the car-hire section of the undertaking while his brothers Gregor (ex-fighter pilot) and Gordon (former frogman) help their father on the sales side.

The story of the rapid development of the firm's car-hire business is a fascinating one. When Evan took charge nine years ago they had a fleet of only eight cars, the youngest of which was thirteen years old. To-day they operate nearly 200 cars, ranging in size from Morris Minors to Humber Pullmans, and during the past twelve months their "drive yourself" customers logged nearly 4,000,000 miles. In the twelve months to September this year they were Britain's second biggest dollar-earners among car-hire firms, their hard currency income being £50,177. They also got £5,034 worth of business in the same period from sixty-five other countries.

No wonder Cameron and Campbell opened a London branch twelve months ago!

The cars in an intensively-used hire fleet like that operated by this Glasgow firm get harsher treatment than most privately-owned cars, even allowing for the fact that they are very carefully serviced. It is essential to have reliable cars for this kind of work, for a car-hire firm can lose a lot of money if their vehicles make a habit of "going sick" even for a day or two during the busy summer season.

So I was interested to hear Evan Cameron's views on the British cars he has been using. He speaks very highly of both the Morris Minor and the Standard Vanguard, and says the latter is especially popular with visitors from the U.S. and Canada.

He says his old Ford Prefects gave excellent service, being amazingly cheap to maintain and so much easier to repair than modern cars, when wings or bodywork were damaged. Austin Somersets have been good value, and Mr. Cameron is hoping the Cambridges he has on order will be at least as satisfactory.

Speaking generally, Mr. Cameron thinks the average British car of current design leaves much to be desired in regard to what he calls "crashworthiness" and "repairability." He would like to see Britain's car chiefs give much more thought to these two factors.

It would make life much easier for him as a purveyor of "self-drive" cars, but he also thinks the ordinary owner-driver is entitled to more consideration under these two headings. He knows what he is talking about, for, on the average, he has between ten and fifteen cars completely "written off" in accidents every year, while not a week goes by without four or five crashes involving serious repair jobs. On the subject of crashworthiness, Mr. Cameron would like to see doors with safety bolts; curved facias, with no protruding knobs; steering columns that do not point menacingly, like an iron spike, straight at a driver's heart; and much more besides.

STIRLING MOSS TO RACE FOR MERCEDES: The British racing driver with Dr. Alfred Neubauer, chief of the Mercedes racing team, before trying the German firm's Grand Prix racing model at Hockenheim. Afterwards Moss signed a contract to race for Mercedes next year in all Grand Prix meetings.

He likes the look of modern cars, but is often driven to distraction by the cost of repairing even relatively simple damage to wings and luggage boots, now that so many car bodies are built "all of a piece." He yearns for the days when you could detach either of the wings of a car, back or front, simply by undoing a few nuts.

Incidentally, women drivers have an eloquent champion in Evan Cameron. "This firm likes women drivers," he said. "Our statistics show that a woman customer is less likely to have an accident than a man; and that if she *does* have one, it is unlikely to be very serious. Any insurance company will tell you the same thing." I asked Evan the reasons for this. "Women drive more carefully and they don't drive as fast as men," he replied.

The Vanguard he lent me went very well on its romp in the Highlands, and I was impressed by the fact that the brakes never seemed to be affected by the water through which I often had to splash on many a flooded road. My Vanguard finally deposited me, in the dark, at a hotel of which I had not previously heard, but which I found so agreeable as a bed-and-breakfast visitor that I stayed on for four days. It is the Lochearnhead Hotel, not far from Crieff, and overlooking the loch from which it gets its name. Here is a pub which does credit to the British hotel industry.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

The Exploits of Three Aircraft (and a Spare) During the Defence of Malta; Travel and Archæology; A Year at the Mansion House

THE first book I am going to write about this week is, quite simply, the story of one of the war's most epic fights. In June 1940, the general defences of Malta were of doubtful strength. As for the air defence that was still easier to describe. There was none. At the moment when the Italians first attacked, however, four obsolete Gloster Sea-Gladiators had been borrowed from the Navy (they had been left behind by the carrier *Glorious*), and with three in commission and one as a spare these took the air with volunteer pilots from a flying-boat unit.

The aircraft, overdriven, patched up and often repaired while actually under bombing, were soon nicknamed Faith, Hope and Charity, and Mr. Kenneth Poolman has written the story of their exploits when they were three planes against an Air Force. In the end, two of them were destroyed and Hurricanes arrived to take on the fight and bring it eventually to a great victory, but Faith remains and now stands in the Royal Palace of Valetta, a gift to the people of Malta from the R.A.F. FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY (Kimber. 15s.) is inspiring reading, tremendously exciting and, more than that, a reminder of the magnificent courage that challenged and won against such desperate odds.

150 YEARS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY: Mr. E. H. Turner, of Forest Hill, London, displaying his tooling on the cover of the Commemoration Bible which was signed by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Society's Third Jubilee Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey. This Bible, which has been prepared by the Oxford University Press, bears the year 1953 on its binding because it is a replica of the Bible which the Queen carried at her Coronation Service. It is to be kept at the Society's headquarters in London. Mr. Turner was also responsible for the decoration of the Queen's Coronation Bible and the volume of signatures presented by the Commons to Sir Winston Churchill.

In Southern Turkey lies the old Roman province of Cilicia, divided into two tracts of country, one fertile and level, and the other rocky and inaccessible, and known for many hundreds of years as the Plain and the Rough. To this country in 1949 travelled Mrs. Mary Gough and her husband Michael, an archæologist, and the five seasons of their researches there are admirably described in a spirited travel book by Mrs. Gough who, as a draughtsman, had her own work on the expeditions.

THE PLAIN AND THE ROUGH PLACES (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), besides being entertaining and highly instructive—a good combination for the normally unenterprising reader—makes one thing abundantly clear, and that is that to get the best out of one's travels on an intellectual level ("Alexander the Great slept here"), or on a sociable level (with Turkish coffee as the stand-by), the mind must not only be cleared of cant, but of any idea that physical comfort is of the slightest importance. It's an attitude of mind which I confess I have never attained myself, but I recognise it as a great and good idea, and one that has been thoroughly mastered by such travellers as the Goughs.

After which austere observations, it is a little disconcerting to turn to the REMINISCENCES OF A LADY MAYORESS (Hutchinson. 15s.), a chatty, indeed a garrulous journal by Lady De la Bère, whose husband was Lord Mayor of London in Coronation year. Sir Rupert, in his introduction to his wife's book, writes of the Lady Mayoress throwing herself wholeheartedly into the gigantic task and this one has not the slightest difficulty in believing. Seldom, in fact, have I read a book in which the trivial is discussed with more gusto. The great events are there; the ceremony of the Coronation, the banquets, the speeches and the Royalties, but the keynote of these memoirs is the confidential and the intimate; background stuff with a vengeance.

Thus, we learn about the mayoral bath-water, the day the Mace was dropped on the Swordbearer's foot, the size of the Queen of Tonga's gloves and the series of exasperating accidents that may give the wrong kind of spice to a programme of official functions. People fall over each other, people spill things, people turn up at the wrong moment, painters peer in through bedroom windows, cooks give notice, hemlines drop; and through it all the enormous zest of Lady De la Bère's enjoyment and the highly personal quality even of her irritations and boredoms. One way and another, as individual as a book can well be.

LITTLE AND ORPHAN (Constable. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Bernard Hesling's story of his childhood and boyhood in a West Riding mill town. In spite of the fact that his early circumstances were pretty hard, that the working-class home could well be called drab, and that his relations were mostly incompetent to the point of eccentricity, the whole book, and certainly the author's style, recall irresistibly a dictum of Barrie's on charm. "If you have it," he wrote, "you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have." Mr. Hesling's youthful autobiography has it in a big way.

Mr. Kurt Singer has written THE CHARLES LAUGHTON STORY (Robert Hale. 15s.), a detailed and documented account of the actor's career, from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he was Komisarjevsky's star pupil, through his successes in London, New York and Hollywood and to the present-day activities of TV., films, poetry readings and radio programmes. Mr. Singer cites his failures as well as his triumphs and quotes the Californian critic who wrote a one-word review of one of Laughton's later films: "For *Salome:* Salami." But his aptest citation is probably that phrase of Mr. Laughton's wife, Elsa Lanchester, who not so very long ago pronounced these words after hearing him in Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell:* "Why, you fat dog!" said Miss Lanchester, "you have learned the very best thing an actor can learn: how to talk to an audience as if they were people in a room." And that, disregarding some of Mr. Singer's eulogies, one can say is very true.

Mr. Constantin de Grunwald has a subject that suits both his scholarly manner and his historian's taste in TSAR NICHOLAS I (Douglas Saunders with Macgibbon and Kee. 21s.), which has been translated from its original French by Mrs. Brigit Patmore. Tsar Nicholas, although reared in the Imperial tradition, was not ambitious for the powers that the throne would give him. It is, indeed, the author's contention that his one abiding interest was in his family and his happy domestic life. But a Tsar must rule, and in this life of one of the last absolute monarchs, Mr. de Grunwald writes of the measures Nicholas took against his political opponents and his years as "the policeman of Europe." A sober and fascinating study that owes nothing to the popular school of romanticised biography.

MAN MEETS DOG (Methuen. 15s.) is the promising title of an enchanting book by Konrad Lorenz, who tells us that businesslike friends had advised him to write a dog-book and a cat-book separately to suit the tastes of dog-lovers and cat-haters, and vice versa, but that he has preferred to write about them in one book, since he considers it the finest test of genuine love and understanding of animals if a person has sympathies for both these creatures, and can appreciate in each its own special virtues. How completely one can agree with that may be illustrated by the fact that I, for instance, really believe that Konrad Lorenz has converted me to an admiration for cats. (And this after years and years and *years* of convinced catophobia!)

Nothing of cosmic significance, no deep, dark urges weigh down the pages of Mrs. Elizabeth Cadell's novel, THE CUCKOO IN SPRING (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), which nevertheless contrives to be a perfectly intelligent, perfectly civilised story about a family to whom the same terms might be applied, and who are credible human beings, with only an acceptable dash of oddity from time to time. There is a young man, rather complacent, and a young woman, slightly aggressive, and there is their love-story and its highly soluble complications. But more important than these there is Mrs. Cadell, who can and does write about family life with a really blessed sense of humour. For which, as for the excellence of the dialogue, much thanks.

THE MAIL BOAT (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a first novel by Mr. Alexander Randolph and I hope he has begun as he means to go on, for this tale of Mediterranean passions, as experienced by a young American couple who are visiting a sombre Italian island for a few months, has a great deal to recommend it, including a fluid style with few frills, and an ability to show distinct characters, whether native or exotic.

ATLANTIS (Macdonald. 15s.) is a new and literally fabulous work by Mr. John Cowper Powys, who here pursues the legends of Odysseus, treating him, in his own words, as if he were a dramatic and subtle and complicated character in a modern prose novel about a fascinating old man. This Odysseus becomes the greatest of all explorers, sailing westward to the mythical continent of Atlantis, and on to set foot on the shores of the New World, and "a place called Manhattan." Rich fantasy, and written with the fire and magic of which this author is peculiarly capable.

Another fantasy, this time an adventure into a problematic future, is THE LONG WAY BACK (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.), by Margot Bennett, the story of an expedition to Britain some centuries after Europe has been devastated by an atomic war. There have been rumours that men still survive in Britain, and so indeed it proves when the intrepid explorers land, to find a tribe of primitive people existing in superstitious dread of a god called Thay. After the introduction of this particular menace my interest waned a little, but prophecy-fanciers will possibly enjoy the ingenuity of it all.

MRS. SIDDONS

A Revised Edition of Yvonne ffrench's Biography

In 1936 Yvonne ffrench, a most skilled and painstaking biographer, presented to the world her excellent life of MRS. SIDDONS; TRAGIC ACTRESS. It was one of the tragedies of the London blitz that all the publisher's stock of this work, which continued in demand, should have been destroyed. So, on the eve of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Siddons, we can now extend a welcome to the new and revised edition (Derek Verschoyle. 21s.). The revisions are extensive. The author freely admits that she has modified some of her earlier judgments. This is in part because she has examined fresh material, previously inaccessible, and she has also helped to round off her biography by an appraisal of the theatre before the formidable era of the Kembles. The names of Campbell, Fitzgerald, Boaden, Parsons and Royde Smith all loom large as previous biographers of Mrs. Siddons and the age in which she lived, but Yvonne ffrench may well be able to claim that this is the fairest and complete portrait of all of the lady who acted with Garrick, worked for Sheridan, who was tragedy personified, and in her day "the stateliest ornament of the public mind."

As William Hazlitt has said, Mrs. Siddons "was not only the idol of the people, she not only hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation, and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears, but to the retired and lonely student, through long years of solitude, her face shone as if an eye had appeared from heaven, her name has been as if a voice had opened the chambers of the human heart." That was Sarah Siddons, the favourite equally of critics and ordinary playgoers, the Tragic Muse who inspired a whole age in England's story. Despite such quotations, Yvonne ffrench is careful not to be too heavy-handed in her assessment. This biography is in the main the record of eye-witnesses who found in Sarah Siddons the *beau-idéal* of acting, for whom, even in old age, when she bore herself like a dethroned Empress, there was always reserved "a tremendous roar of public greeting."

Jeanie Adams-Acton knew many of the great and the near-great in Victorian and Edwardian days. As our American friends would say, she was sitting "in the catbird seat," for her husband was the foremost portrait sculptor of his day, she was the author of a number of successful novels and plays, and her home was a natural centre of attraction. Jeanie was a lady of astounding energy, and in VICTORIAN SIDELIGHTS (Ernest Benn. 21s.), A. M. W. Stirling reflects that energy in a selection made from Mrs. Adams-Acton's papers. Her range of interest was enormous, as also was her range of travel. We meet her in Arran, in St. John's Wood, India and Germany, and there is one momentous occasion when we find her on the hard, high road, tramping with her entire family of six (and the nursemaid, but without her husband) from London to Scotland. Mrs. Adams-Acton was a close observer of human kind, and some of her observations on those who came to her husband's studio are most revealing. She was fascinated by Cardinal Manning, the austere, apparently unbending, humourless Churchman, but found his personal magnetism extraordinary. Her outburst in his presence about the way in which her friend, Miss Silverton, was received into the Church is a remarkable document. Altogether this is a delightful book, and Jeanie must have been a delightful, charming and very human character.

Professor E. M. Carus Wilson has produced a work of great scholarship in MEDIEVAL MERCHANT VENTURERS (Methuen. 30s.), a series of studies which have arisen from investigations into the condition of Bristol's trade in the fifteenth century, and in the circumstances that prompted the Bristol merchants to sponsor the voyages of the Cabots in search of the new world. English enterprise in English woollens is the prevailing theme of the book, just as it is one of the prevailing themes of England's economic development in the later middle ages, but there is also a most valuable chapter on the effects of the acquisition and the loss of Gascony on the English wine trade. There is much of interest for the general reader in these studies, and they will undoubtedly provide a mass of information for the student of medieval England.

In FLAG 4 (William Kimber. 16s.) Dudley Pope tells the story of the men in gunboats and torpedo-boats who fought the enemy in the Mediterranean in the Second World War. The author has had access both to British and German records and he vividly reconstructs some of the major battles in this minor, but none the less vitally important, aspect of the war at sea.

THE WHITE FOXES OF GORFENLETCH (Hollis and Carter. 15s.) is a charming new volume on the Border country, the land of Cheviot, by Henry Tegner. D. J. Watkins-Pitchford has done the illustrations of this book, which will surely give immense delight to country-lovers.

The latest addition to the Macdonald classics is THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.). The poems have been edited by Morchard Bishop, who also writes a most able introduction, which gains authority from the fact that Mr. Bishop has lately been engaged in research into the Coleridge notebooks.

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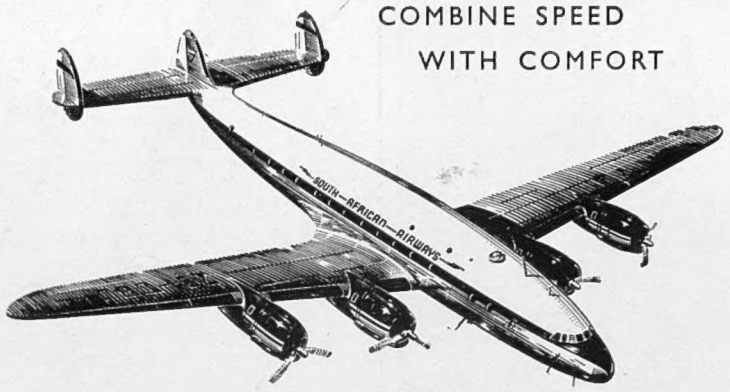

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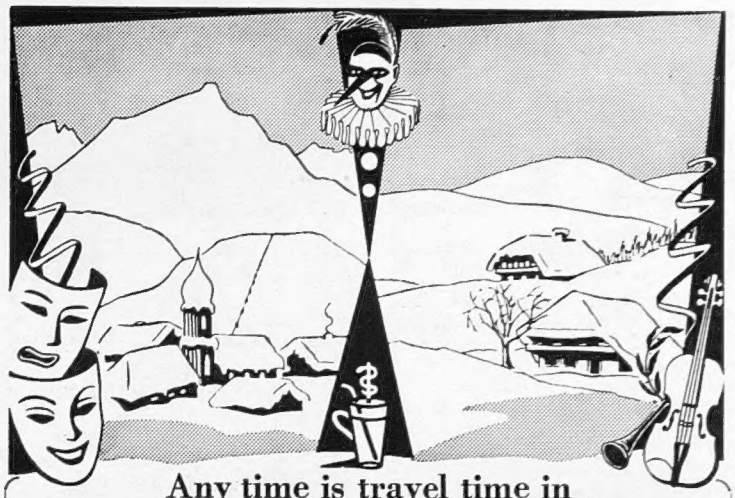

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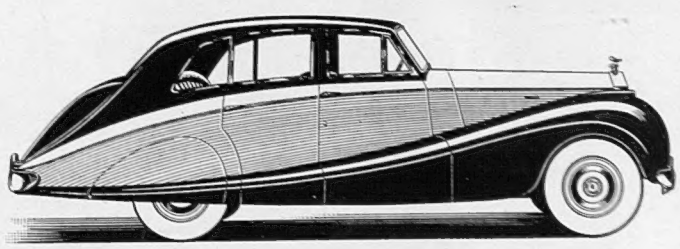

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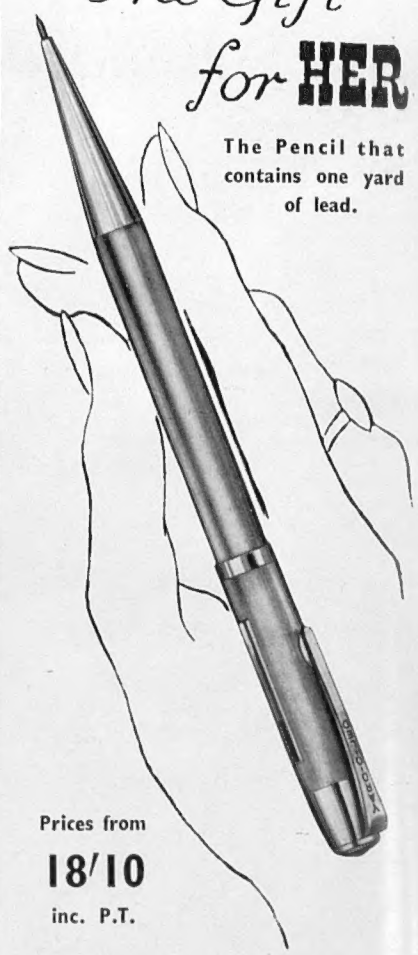

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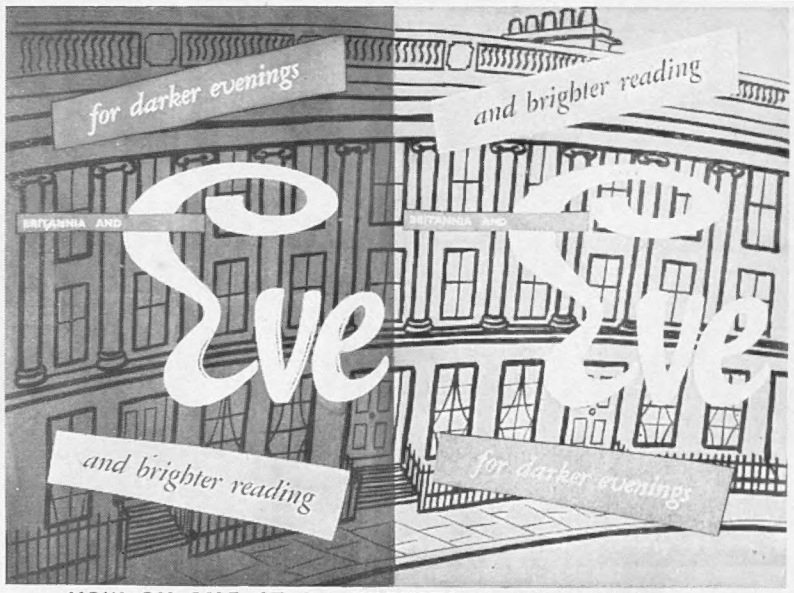

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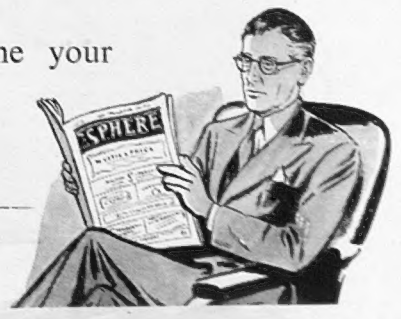

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